JOHN BULL

Vol. II. No. 53. SATURDAY, JUNE 8th, 1907. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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LOUNGE SUITS

Any Tailor can produce a Comfortable Lounge Suit, because that is but a matter of giving plenty of room everywhere—but Comfort alone in this suit is not enough. In the making of this suit, as it should be made—Comfort and Style are equally considered, and the work so done that neither the one nor the other is sacrificed to any appreciable extent.

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Leaves the hair soft and glossy.
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JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

Vol. II. No. 53. Saturday, June 8th, 1907. One Penny.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. EVERY EVENING at 8 (doors open 7.40), a NEW MUSICAL PLAY, entitled "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."
MATINEE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, at 2 (doors open, 1.40).
Box office open daily from 10 till 10.

ALHAMBRA.—"QUEEN OF SPADES," New Ballet.
Mlle. Alexia (danseuse de genre).
MARIA VINENT. THE GIGNACS. "L'AMOUR."
URBANORA, Etc.
Doors, 7.45. Manager, George Scott.

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THE EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—A year ago we had the temerity to launch this journal upon the already crowded sea of newspaper enterprise. But temerity is in our line. We have a positive genius for running risks. We love taking odds. It is in our blood. A year ago we started JOHN BULL. Everyone warned us of the peril of the enterprise. That decided us—we would take the odds. We liked the title, and we felt there was scope for a paper on the lines we had in our head. "The penny *Truth*" fairly summed up the idea. We had had some practical experience and training in the newspaper line, and although by a fortuitous concourse of circumstances we had come to be regarded as a Financier—a "Napoleon of Finance" people said, when they were making money out of us; "an unscrupulous Company Promoter," when they were not—we were always, at heart, a Knight of the Platform and the Pen. And thus when, after many struggles and vicissitudes—many successes and many disappointments—we had, at last, said good-bye to the City and its sordid life, and had fought our way into Parliament, we determined to return to our first love and to start our paper. So we got a few old friends, literary and journalistic, together, and set to work; and June the 9th, 1906, saw the first number of the new JOHN BULL.

We have endeavoured to give the journal the stamp of vigorous independence and sturdy manhood—with Common Sense (the rarest of all senses) and Good Temper as its governing principles. That is how we have read the character which our title personifies. We hate cant, whether in Pulpit, Parliament, or Press; and we loathe Self-Righteousness. We love Self-Reliance. We believe there are just as many roads to Heaven as there are human beings, and we like to see everyone working his way there by his own methods. There is no royal road and there are no short cuts. Equality before the law—Equality of Opportunity; a generous provision out of the national wealth for those who fall by the wayside; a humane and scientific jurisprudence over the mental and moral degenerates—there is the New Theology, the only Ology known to JOHN BULL. In preaching it, we have at times been misrepresented. We have been called flippant and irreverent. We are neither. We are just beginning to be understood. A bit unconventional—taking the odds again; that is all.

Meanwhile, you have rallied round us, and JOHN BULL is a success—an absolutely unique success. We have always believed that it IS in mortals to command success, much more than to deserve it—especially since we have been in Parliament. But this proves it. JOHN BULL is the greatest success of modern journalism. We cannot believe that it deserves to be—but we must leave you to decide the point.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY BALLOT SCHEME.

EVERY COPY OF "JOHN BULL" WILL BE NUMBERED ON THE COVER, AND TEN NUMBERS WILL BE DRAWN, BY BALLOT, EVERY WEEK, ENTITLING THE POSSESSORS OF THE COPIES BEARING SUCH NUMBERS TO THE SUM OF FIVE POUNDS EACH—IN CONSIDERATION OF THEIR AGREEING TO DEVOTE THEIR SPARE TIME, FOR ONE WEEK, TO PUSHING THE SALE OF "JOHN BULL."

The above summarises our scheme. Let us now go more fully into the matter. We want to double the circulation of JOHN BULL. And we mean to do it. But it involves spending money. That we are prepared to do. Then why not spend it amongst our own readers? They can push the sale better than anybody. They know the paper and they like it—and that is half the battle. The question then arises, will they do it?

There is not a reader, whether engaged in shop, office, factory, or in any other capacity, who has not daily opportunity of securing us new subscribers. At any rate, we will indicate the various ways in which it can be done, without interference with present occupation, and then we will leave it in every case to the honour of our readers to adopt such of them as may be most easily available. We will select, by ballot, ten readers every week, to each of whom we will forward the sum of Five Pounds, upon receiving an undertaking to do all in his power to increase our circulation.

That is all we ask. There is no entrance fee or any other device by means of which certain newspaper proprietors sometimes endeavour to increase their circulation at the expense of their readers. We pay all the expense. You simply buy the paper in the ordinary way, as you do at present. You keep the cover and watch the announcement of the weekly ballot. If you find the number of your copy in the list, send or bring it to our publishing office, sign an undertaking in the above form, receive the Five Pounds, and then do all you can, for one week, to get us new readers.

Suppose, however, you have neither time nor inclination to do anything. Don't you know some struggling, deserving chap to whom a Five Pound Note would be a Godsend? *Then pass the cover on to him.* We begin with our next issue.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

We have read with interest Lord Turnour's statement that he has received a letter from Mr. Chamberlain "written in a most cheerful spirit." We are delighted to hear it. We also note with genuine satisfaction that the right hon. gentleman " hopes to be back in Parliament at the beginning of next session." This is indeed good news. But is Lord Turnour quite sure that the letter *was* written by Mr. Chamberlain? We have our doubts—or rather, we haven't. Would that there *were* a prospect of the great Tariff Reformer's early return. The House sorely needs him.

We observe that the Rev. A. G. Prichard, a member of the West Ham Board of Guardians, states that when he first joined that body he found it consisted of three classes of members—(1) those "on the make," (2) old gentlemen who desired to pass away their time, and (3) honest people. Assuming that the classification follows the respective proportions of the three elements, it reminds us very much of the House of Commons.

We wish all our contemporaries the same success as that we have ourselves achieved. Let 'em all come—the more the merrier. But we are disposed to award a biscuit to *London Opinion*, which has inaugurated a scheme, at its readers' expense, of prizes for the best final lines to certain unfinished "limericks," or nursery rhymes. We have the issue of May 25 before us, and we find that the judge is Gilbert Jessop—more power to his elbow. Now, during the previous week he had been engaged in two first-class cricket matches, in both of which he made good runs and did his share in the field. But we read that he has £435 to divide between the twenty writers of the best lines. Well, £435 at 6d. per time (which is the entrance fee) represents 17,400 entries, through all of which this busy cricketer has to wade before selecting the twenty winners. We may also point out that the chances of success are 870 to 1. What an outcry if one took even a five to one chance in anything else—say Galvani for the Derby!

Who is Father Wilcox? He is the Roman Catholic priest at Barmouth. He is thus, as you observe, a minister of religion—a servant of God—a friend and comforter of the fallen and distressed. But he has, unfortunately, got some kind of new theology in his head. He has been writing to the guardians to protest against the use of the ratepayers' money for the maintenance of "fallen females." We had better give his words :—

> Why not let such persons suffer in their own homes, to their own shame, and at their own loss, seeking their own friends to wait on their own needs? To give them shelter, food, and every attention is only encouraging their evil ways, which ways ought to be crushed out of them.
>
> Ought not such persons to suffer? They should be made to suffer, and be denied entrance to the Union. The ratepayers should not support their wickedness nor encourage it. For such low persons we ought not to pay. I trust some remedy may be found to stop this crying evil amongst females, and this wrong use of ratepayers' money.

"Their own homes!" "Their own friends!" "Such low persons!" We should dearly like to meet Father Wilcox—*Father* Wilcox!!—one quiet evening, in a country lane, when taking our bulldog for a walk!

Congratulations to Mr. Fordham, the Stipendiary at the North London Police Court, upon his broad-mindedness, as exhibited in two cases heard by him the other day. In the first, a charge of gambling on Hackney Marshes, he said: "To gamble in a public place is against the law, though I see no harm in it so long as it is done quietly, and is not an annoyance to anyone. But it is against the law, and I am here to administer the law. I shall order you to pay one penny fine." The other charge was that of keeping a disorderly house. According to the *Times*, "Mr. Fordham inquired as to the manner in which the house had been conducted, and said that on this depended the penalty. If well conducted, such houses prevented the abuse of the streets." In this case, however, the report received was not favourable, and a substantial term of imprisonment was imposed. That is the sort of magistrate for a great city like London.

A reader calls our attention to a hard case which has just arisen under the Workmen's Compensation Act. He is a printer, and his employers, in addition to their own premises, rented a room at some other works. To this room our correspondent was sent, and there a very serious accident befel him. But he can get no compensation because "there cannot be two occupiers of one factory, and the place where the accident occurred was not in the occupation of the man's employers!" Tush! Pish! and Bosh!! What were the Labour men doing to let a thing like this creep into the Act? We must get it out.

By the courtesy of the French Minister of Agriculture we are enabled to give particulars of the revenue obtained by France from its wise taxation of betting. During the year 1906, upwards of 300,000,000 francs were paid into the pari-mutuels, or betting machines, at the various racecourses. That is to say, twelve million pounds sterling changed hands. Of this sum, 1 per cent. was taken for the benefit of horse-breeding—including the purchase of stallions; 2 per cent. was given to hospitals and other charities; 1 per cent. for drinking water; and 4 per cent. for wages and expenses incidental to the management of the Paris racecourses—with an additional 3 per cent. for the provincial courses. What is the result? Not only large public benefits, but racecourses perfectly conducted, absolutely free from any objectionable element—with lovely flower-beds and gardens and stands; everything quiet and orderly and enjoyable. What dullards our authorities are!

Let us repeat here what we recently said on this subject during the Budget debate. The great national curse is supposed to be Drink. Yet we collect nearly forty millions a year from the drink traffic. Then why not tax racing and betting? We reminded the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Roman Emperor who, when upbraided for raising revenue from a tainted source, put a handful of the money to his nose and observed, "*Non olet.*" Let Mr. Asquith have a sniff. He will find that cash from a Betting Bureau is just as sweet as that from a Beer Barrel.

We have been asked to support the plea of the policeman for one day's rest in seven. This we gladly do. It is monstrous that our civilian force should be singled out as an almost unique exception to the humanitarian principles which are supposed to govern our industrial system. The plea of expense is fiddlesticks. It means a real economy. Good luck to Robert in his agitation.

At the time of writing it is not possible to say what decision the Government have arrived at in connection with their milk-and-water Irish Bill. There is a whisper of conferences through third parties going forward between the Government and Mr. Redmond, who has undoubtedly killed the Bill as it stands, and it is now as dead as a door-nail. And the Government cannot make it alive by pretending it is alive. The only question which remains is whether Mr. Redmond is willing to take something less than he wants and the Cabinet Whigs are willing to concede something more than they have given. In this case, the Bill could be withdrawn without loss of time, and another of bolder and more

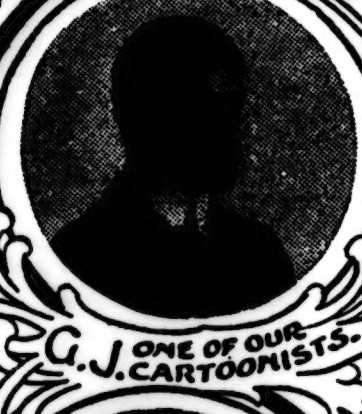
"JOHN BULL'S"

EDITORIAL STAFF

THE ASSISTANT EDITOR.

LITERARY CRITIC.

T.D. ONE OF OUR CARTOONISTS.

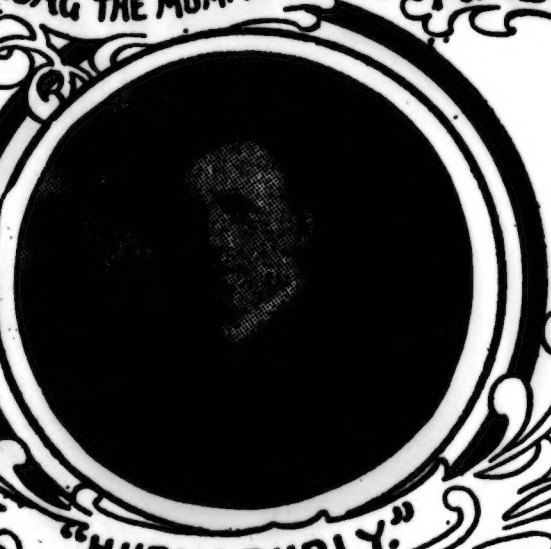


G.J. ONE OF OUR CARTOONISTS.

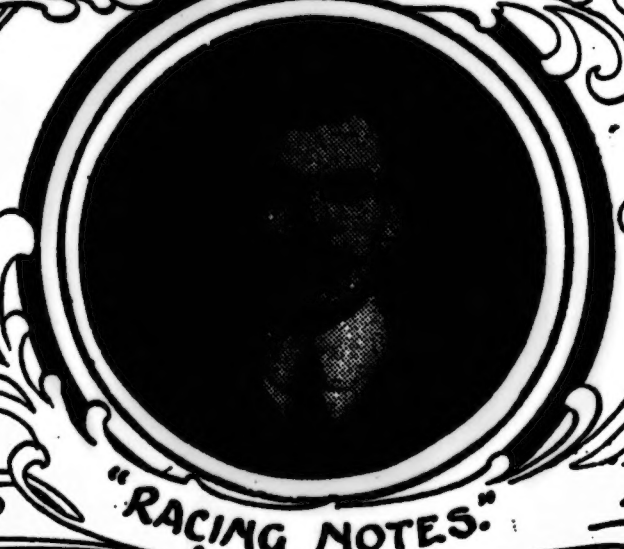
"AMONG THE MUMMERS."

THE EDITOR AND FOUNDER

"JOHN BULL'S WOMANFOLK."



"HURLY-BURLY."



"RACING NOTES."

acceptable pattern introduced later on. The alternative is frankly to tell Erin to go and hang herself. This, of course, C.-B. will not do. So far as we can gather, the bulk of the Liberal majority are rather delighted that this timid, over-cautious Bill has received Mr. Redmond's *coup de grace*, for it is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good Frankfort sausage.

Meanwhile, back from the Whitsun holidays and at work, we again have the tearful infelicity to ask: What have the Government done to justify their mandate, and what do they intend to do? We are going to give up speaking of the House of Lords in terms of acerbity. Henceforth we shall speak of it in accents of affection, for we are convinced that at this rate of "filling the cup" it will remain alive and kicking until long after we are dead. Parliament is half through another session. Instead of filling up the cup the Liberals are spilling the wine on the ground, and, to be candid, we cannot pretend to be very enthusiastic about the vintage. It is amazing to the man in the street that the Government cannot make headway with their vast majority. That majority is docile and compact, and, therefore, the only conclusion to be drawn is that the fault is with the Government.

Is the Government afraid of its own shadow? It would almost seem so. The Education Bill was a fatal attempt to please all sides; the Irish Devolution Bill was a milk-and-watery attempt to apply the instalment system to the liquidation of a political obligation; the Land and Allotment Bills are suggestive of "Mrs. Wiggs and the Cabbage Patch;" and now we have the Companies' Bill, which entirely fails to grapple with the most serious abuses of joint-stock enterprise. This sort of thing will not do. What is the real explanation? Is it that the Prime Minister, in his natural desire to rake into his Cabinet all the most "respectable" elements of the Liberal Party, finds himself between the devil and the deep sea? Our advice to him is to make up his mind without further delay whether he will have a Whig or a Democratic Ministry, and, having done so, to shed the incongruous element—and then we shall know exactly where we are.

What do the friends of the Street Betting Act say to this? Preaching at Salford the other day, the Rev. B. Gregory stated: "Since the bookmaker was driven from the streets, he has carried on his business through agents in workshops and factories." This is exactly what we predicted would happen. We did not, however, think that matters would reach quite such a level as that which Mr. Gregory went on to confess. "There are," he said, "mills where the foreman is the bookmaker and the girls are his clients."

Turning to another type of repressive legislation, this does not read very well for sober-by-Act-of-Parliament Scotland. We read in the *Glasgow Evening News* an offer of reward for the discovery of the parents of a child "found on the street at Cathedral Square; clothes all very dirty; appears to be about eight months old." And now listen to this: "The parents were seen together under the influence of drink; they put the child down and commenced to fight." We venture to suggest that it was not in the public-house that these two persons got drunk. As we said during the debate on the Scotch Local Veto Bill, better a score of drunken people on licensed premises than in their homes.

Here is a little human incident of which we were an eye-witness in the West End the other night. It was a crowd of women of the "fallen" class. Two of them were engaged in a desperate wrangle. At length one of the disputants, throwing her hat and jacket to the ground, struck the other a violent blow and invited her to "fight it out"—a refusal to do which was received with derision by her jeering companions. Another blow, a moment of hesitation on the part of the attacked woman, and then the strange remark, "The coward! She knows I can't strike her, *she's going to have a baby!*" A sudden silence came over the little group, and we walked away, feeling that perhaps those women were not so greatly "fallen" after all.

It will soon be a distinction not to have a handle to one's name. Our doctors are usually baronets; the mummers we see strutting on the stage are decked out with orders of chivalry; the purveyors of our daily romances and our provisions are, respectively, a peer of the realm and a baronet. At the present rate no self-respecting household will be complete whose chief is not at least a knight harbinger and whose housemaids are not ladies of the bedchamber. We have nothing against Sir John Kirk personally. He has done good work; but surely it is somewhat incongruous to deck him out with the title of a mediæval warrior. No doubt it was becoming modesty on his part, but it was not very gracious to announce that he would not have accepted the honour if he had known in advance.

According to the reptile press, everybody who refused to wave flags and wear daisies on the 24th of May is a traitor. Some foolish body decided that it should be called "Empire Day." No one in authority had authorised this, and there was no earthly reason why that particular day should be set apart. Patriotic Britons, like ourselves, regard every day in the year as an "Empire Day."

Since we castigated the egregious Hamilton Fyfe, we have seen no trail of his slimy pen in my Lord Northcliffe's publications. Can the Doctor of News have taken our hint? Meanwhile, Fyfe has broken out in "Printers' Pie" with the original conundrum, "What's in a name?"

Milk adulteration is an old story, and from time to time we have pointed out the iniquity of it. The public of London alone pay many thousands a year for the turning of the tap into the milk-can. To the unthinking man the question of a more or less attenuated milk supply is not a matter of great importance. But then nothing in the world is a matter of great importance to the unthinking man; but, apart from the scandalous robbery to which they are subjected all along the line between the cow and the front door, thinking men, and especially thinking women, will reflect that this same watering down of the life-giving properties of milk involves the death of vast numbers of infants. The milk adulterator, in a word, cannot escape indictment for moral murder as well as actual fraud, and we should like to see the key promptly turned on him in gaol as an enemy of the people whenever he is caught at his nefarious work. Mr. William Waldorf Astor's newspaper in London is almost frantic in its realisation of this widespread murder by milk-can. "The demand for the better regulation of the sale of milk," it says, "should be unceasing until the authorities are aroused by the importance of the situation." Well, the old London County Council were so aroused by the importance of the situation that they included in their General Powers Bill more drastic means of milk testing and milk inspection, but almost the first thing the new Council did was to cut out the clauses. Blessed be the "Moderates"—and blessed be they who elected them.

We are much relieved to learn that, *pace* the Prophet Baxter, editor of that crazy organ, the *Christian*

SOMETHING NEW.—Many people residing far from centres experience difficulty in raising a few pounds ready cash. THOMSON BROS., Pawnbrokers, established over 100 years, lend sums, small and large, against Jewellery, etc., sent them by post. Low interest charged (2s. 6d. per month for £10). Cash by return. Carriage paid both ways. London addresses: 153, High Street, Borough; 200, The Grove, Stratford; 8, Roman Road, Barnsbury. Bankers, London and County. Please quote this paper.

Herald and Signs of Our Times, there is little likelihood of the world coming to a catastrophic end except by collision with some dark body in space at present unknown and undetected by the star-gazers. At one time the pseudo-scientists used to frighten us by predictions of a bumping match between the earth and a comet; but now the recognised fact seems to be that the earth will either be frozen out by the cooling of the sun, or the earth and some dark, dead world will bump the bump, when the sun would become hotter than ever and the earth would be burned up like a penn'orth of firewood dipped in resin. Happily, ladies and gentlemen living at the time will have ample warning of the coming bump by the gradual lighting up of the dead world through a course of years. All this is fully explained by Mr. Ellard Gore in his new work, "Astronomical Studies." He has been searching for that dark, dead world, but up to the present has not found it. With all respect, we do not think he ever will. At any rate, we hope not. We have no grudge against posterity. It has never done us any harm.

The death of the "Father of the House" recalls a remarkable oratorical exploit of his namesake and collateral ancestor nearly two centuries ago. On the motion for the expulsion of Sir Richard Steele, young Finch rose to champion the cause of the great essayist, but, seized with stage fright, could utter only a few incoherent words. He resumed his seat in despair, mumbling in an undertone, "Strange that I cannot speak for this man, when I would so gladly fight for him." Members caught the whisper and cheered to the echo. He got up again and made an excellent maiden speech.

Though it may be admitted that the report of the Private Inquiry Committee in the Edalji case has put upon Mr. Gladstone the alternative of giving or withholding compensation, he has, we think, been unfortunate enough to take the wrong decision. Whether or not the Committee are right or wrong in their belief that Edalji wrote the letters of 1903, they have made it clear that the local police did not attempt to discover the guilty party, but expended all their energies in working up evidence against Edalji. Edalji served three years of his seven, and was then released. Now he has been granted a "free pardon," a facetious term for describing the unconditional legal forgiveness of a person who has been sentenced and imprisoned for something he did not do.

Mr. Gladstone's misfortune is that he has failed to grasp the logic of facts. Edalji has been arrested, tried, convicted, and imprisoned three years. The crime for which he was arrested, tried, convicted, and imprisoned he did not commit. As a result of his arrest, conviction, trial, and imprisonment he has been struck off the rolls as a solicitor, and has been subjected to disgrace, dishonour, ignominy, and financial loss. On these facts Mr. Gladstone says he has come to the conclusion that Edalji is not entitled to compensation. This savours of a gross injustice. If there are no grounds for compensation, then there are no grounds for a free pardon. Challenged in the House of Commons the other day whether the granting of a free pardon did not mean that in the opinion of the Home Office Edalji was guiltless of the charges made against him, "Mr. Gladstone returned no answer." This will not do at all, or rather it ought not to do at all. When a man is declared not guilty of manslaughter it is futile to urge that at all events he once stole twopence from his grandmother; and now that Edalji has been granted a free pardon for not doing that for which he was sentenced and has suffered imprisonment, it is absurd to refuse to him compensation because he might have written certain letters in the spirit of foolish mischief. Mr. Gladstone declines to reconsider his decision, and, in our opinion, the refusal amounts to—well, an anomaly.

Spiritualists have again attained to the dignity of a conference in South Place Institute, London, and the old, old stories of miraculous spooks were again trotted out for the joy of the brethren. We suppose that while men live there will be no end to this self-delusion, humbug, clap-trap, and imposture. The whole explanation is that people can make themselves believe anything they wish to believe or wish to make it profitable to believe. There is not a lunatic asylum in the country where the inmates do not see spooks, and talk to spooks, and hear the voices of the dead. This is not to say that all spiritualists are lunatics. On the contrary, some are men of science and some are clergymen, and some are professional mediums. What is true in Spiritualism is naturally explainable, and what is not naturally explainable is self-delusion and imposture. That is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end.

Servian cigarettes, according to a high authority, used to be "the best in the world." Counting on their old reputation, a friend of ours bought some at the Balkan Exhibition the other day. He was made to pay 10s. per hundred for what he used to import at the rate of 32 dinars 50 paras (about 25s.) per thousand. And when he came to smoke them he found they tasted more like hay than tobacco. Evidently regicide morals have crept even into the tobacco factory at Belgrade.

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No. 285.

For describing Mark Hambourg as "the famous violinist,"

THE RAPID REVIEW

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 286.

For taking advantage of the presence of the Colonial Premiers by suggesting that an incorrigible rogue and vagabond, whom he was sentencing to nine months' imprisonment, should be "banished to one of our Colonies,"

MR. LOVELAND LOVELAND, K.C.,

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 287.

For publishing, under the heading of "The World's Latest News," that "Judge Selfe nursed a stray black kitten, which found its way into the Brompton County Court,"

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 288.

For applying for a divorce on the ground of cruelty, because her husband was in the habit of turning her mother's portrait with its face to the wall, and admitting that she herself continually took a tin whistle to bed with her "to break him of the habit of snoring,"

MRS. HENRY D. ARCHER

(of Westchester County, New York)

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 289.

For giving us a foretaste of June at the end of April, and a reminiscence of January in the middle of May, together with other little pleasantries of a like nature,

THE WEATHER-CLERK

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

IN THE CITY.

A YEAR'S WORK.

Upon the first anniversary of the appearance of John Bull it may not be unseemly to glance at the service attempted on behalf of the public in its City pages during the last twelve months. It has been our object to assist those who may not be in a position to obtain information for themselves with advice that may be useful to them in connection with their investments, and to give information upon financial matters of general interest. It is a little strange that help of this kind is seldom given by English newspapers to their readers. As a rule, the great dailies are colourless in their references to financial affairs. They advertise the misleading prospectus, but they do not criticise it. They hear of frauds and swindles innumerable, but they do not expose them. And perhaps, from one point of view, they are prudent in their reticence. Prospectus advertisements are profitable, and the promoter who is scarified avoids the newspaper that has exposed him. Impudent knaves may trade upon the credulity of the public, but oftener than not they add largely to the advertisement revenue of newspapers. And there is always for the most careful newspaper proprietor the possibility of the libel action. A slip on some comparatively small point, and the newspaper which has exposed a glaring fraud may be mulct in heavy damages. It used to be thought that a big libel action was a good thing for a newspaper, but that myth was exploded long ago. It is not surprising, then, that for the most part newspapers eschew anything like root and branch criticism of financial concerns and schemes. It is easier and more profitable to shut ones eyes to them. This, however, has not been our way, and we venture to think we have been of considerable service to the public in exposing frauds and shams.

We have not confined our criticisms to companies or individuals of the shady sort, or to persons who are not advertisers. Perhaps the best remembered of all our criticisms of the year were those upon Waring and Gillow, not only a firm in the first rank of furniture sellers and decorators, but one that advertises very largely. Spiers and Pond, whose position we dissected with unsparing severity, is another company which spends largely upon advertising, and has powerful influences to support it. We hope that in neither the one case nor the other did we make any comment not warranted by the facts, or that might not properly be made by a newspaper upon the Joint Stock companies which live upon the confidence of the public. In both cases we are glad to know our criticisms were of real service to the companies concerned, and helped to mend weaknesses that threatened the future of both.

In another direction, too, we believe we have done good service, namely, in directing attention to the danger of dry rot in the management of companies with an immense number of shareholders, highly respectable and creditable companies, but lacking new blood upon the directorate and in the management. We may refer more particularly to the Artisans' Dwellings Company, and to the Junior Army and Navy Stores, both companies managed by eminently respectable gentlemen, but suffering from lack of initiative.

In the matter of prospectuses, too, we have done our best to guard the investor from propositions unlikely to succeed. Instead of being content, as is the case with almost every daily paper from the *Times* downwards, and with the chief of the weekly papers, with accepting the advertisement of the prospectus, and saying nothing about its contents, however deceptive, we have not hesitated to expose the misstatements and risks of many of the Joint Stock propositions that have been put before the public during the year. Criticism of this kind is doubly necessary in these days when so many companies are put upon the market without any newspaper publication of the prospectus, for the investor has to rely entirely upon his own judgment, and upon the representations of interested parties, if newspaper critics are silent.

Passing from these larger matters we have been ceaseless in our endeavours to expose the swarm of financial rogues who infest the metropolis, and prey upon the public. We have exposed men like Joseph Goodman, who, taking some high-sounding name, and assisted by easy-going accountants, obtain goods from manufacturers which they never intend to pay for. We have warned the public time and again against Outside Brokers and their "options" and "margins" and the rest, all cunning devices for taking the money of the stranger from his pocket and putting it into their own. Nor have we hesitated to criticise the largest of these concerns (concerns which spend much money upon advertising), namely, the London and Paris Exchange, Limited. We have had something to say, more than was pleasant, upon the questionable methods by which so-called philanthropists obtain large sums of money avowedly for the purpose of helping the poor and starving. In all these and other ways we have done our best for our readers, and not least, perhaps, in answering their specific inquiries. The number of answers which appear in our columns weekly in reply to persons who want advice upon financial and other matters is large, but it is nothing compared with the information we are asked for, and which is given either in consultation, or under cover. And we may say about this information, that whilst at times it may be, and no doubt is, faulty, since our judgment is not less fallible than that of others, it is at least honest advice, and advice which we have shrunk from no trouble to make accurate and trustworthy.

We hope that the pleasant relations established between ourselves and our readers in the course of the correspondence of a year will be maintained and strengthened as time goes on. We shall at all times be glad to hear from them, and they may rest assured that any information they want, and which we can supply, will be most willingly placed at their service. Confidential matters will be treated confidentially, and every question submitted to us, whether it be important or not, or private or not, shall be dealt with as we should wish it to be if our positions were reversed.

JOHN BULL INVESTMENT TRUST AND AGENCY, LTD.

As our readers are aware, this company was formed some time ago for the purpose of enabling readers of John Bull, by co-operative methods, to participate, under the personal supervision of the Editor, in legitimate joint-stock enterprise. It does not undertake any kind of bucket-shop business, such as marginal investments, options, cover transactions, etc. The capital of the company is £100,000, divided into shares of £1 each—of which 75,000 have already been issued. The last issue was made at a premium of 10s. per share, and it is now proposed to issue the remaining 25,000 shares at the price of £2 per share. Six interim dividends have already been paid, and the books are now in the hands of the auditor, whose report will be issued within the next few days. In the meantime we are in a position to state that the company has been remarkably successful. Although not actually incorporated as a limited liability concern until a few months ago, its operations date back to June of last year, and consequently cover a period of twelve months. During this time it has earned profits considerably exceeding its entire paid-up capital, of which a large proportion is represented by actual cash realisations, and the balance in very promising securities. We understand that a final dividend in respect of the year is about to be declared, and that as soon as the unissued shares have been placed, it is intended to apply to the London Stock Exchange for a special settlement and official quotation. Readers desirous of further information should apply to the Secretary, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet St., London, E.C.

THE COBALT BOOMLET.

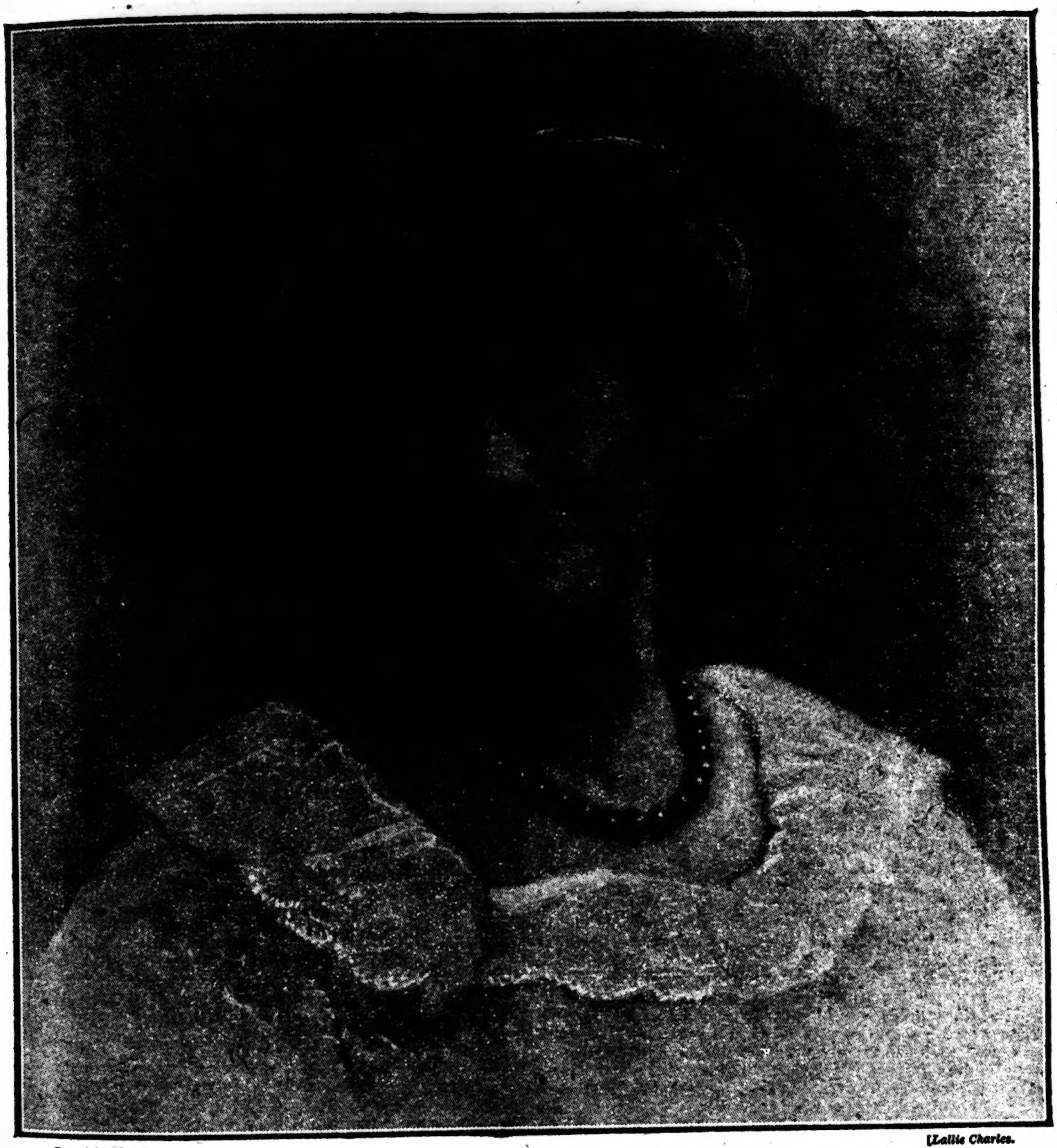
We have already warned our readers against rushing blindly into this new field of mining enterprise. At the same time, we fully recognise that, under proper auspices, there is great scope for remunerative investment. Not a day passes but new discoveries of rich ore are made both on the Larder Lake Gold Field as well as in the Evelyn Lake district. In some claims on the Binney Lake, recently pegged out, native silver, galena, bornite, and cobalt bloom were all found, together with high gold values. The variety is certainly astonishing, but there is the fact. Amongst the mines at present shipping ore, one of the newest is the Silver Queen, whose reserves are already valued at £150,000; whilst the recent finds at the Nova Scotia mine at a depth of 300ft. augurs well for the permanency of the veins. The O'Brien mine has shipped 600,000 dollars worth of ore this year, whilst the total silver output for the year is estimated by the Government Superintendent of Mines at twelve and a half million dollars. In these circumstances we agree with the *Times* that it would be well worth the attention of the big London houses to send out expert agents to watch developments, and to guard the public against wild-cat schemes. In the meantime, we are glad to hear of the formation of an English Pioneer Syndicate which is about to send out an experienced engineer to take up promising ground. We will do our best to keep readers of John Bull apprised of developments.

DEEP LEAD MINING.

We have reason to believe that developments in the Loddon Valley are progressing most satisfactorily. Our latest information is to the effect that on the Loddon Valley Goldfields they have got down to the deepest ground, and are extending their bottom levels, with 1,000 ft. square blocked out. We are further given to understand that the gravel goes over an ounce to the fathom—which means a very large working profit. This should be good news for Carter's Deep Leads.

MISS ELLEN TERRY

Whose Autobiography commences in this week's "M.A.P."



Copyright Ph. to] [Lallie Charles.

EVERYBODY will be delighted to hear that Miss Ellen Terry has just completed her autobiography, and that its publication in serial form commences in this week's *M.A.P.*

"The Story of My Life," as her reminiscences are entitled, is a story of absorbing interest. It will rank as one of the most important biographical works of recent years. It is at once the story of the astonishing career of the greatest of actresses, the story of the stage for the last fifty years, and the story of a woman whose friends are as the stars in number, who has held enthralled the hearts of all who have known or seen her by her beauty and by her charm.

"The actress is great, but the woman is greater than the actress," a famous critic once wrote, "and in the final analysis of Miss Terry's acting it will be found that her enchantment is that of a unique personality."

And this personality breathes through every line of the autobiography. "To read it is to hear her speak and see her smile," said a friend who has been privileged to see the manuscript. Just as she charms when she appears in public or in private, so does she charm through her pen. As a brilliant writer, an incomparable story-teller, Ellen Terry is now to shine in a new part.

"For years," she confesses, "I have contemplated telling this story, and for years I have put off telling it. When it was suggested to me that I ought to write down my recollections in the year of my Jubilee, all the difficulties of the undertaking began to frighten me. I could not deny that I had had an eventful life, packed full of incident, and that by the road I had met many distinguished and interesting men and women. I could not deny that I had been fifty years on the stage, and that this meant enough material for fifty books."

Our readers will be well advised on no account to miss the opening chapters of Ellen Terry's "Story of My Life" appearing in this week's *M.A.P.*

MODERN FIRE INSURANCE METHODS.

(Contributed.)

In our last week's issue we pointed out the great danger to the insuring public who may effect policies to protect themselves from claims under the new Workmen's Compensation Act, by reason of the combination of certain companies transacting accident business, who are endeavouring to form a ring with a view to extorting from the assurer what is known as a "tariff" rate; in short, it is an effort to stifle that healthy competition by which alone an equitable rate of premium can be secured by the assurer. How a tariff combination acts to the general detriment is best illustrated by the present position and practice of the fire insurance companies. There exists at the present moment a powerful combination of the offices transacting fire business, who have succeeded in forming such a "ring" as possibly has never been seen or heard of in the commercial life of our nation, or, for the matter of that, any other nation. This tariff combination has absolutely in its power brokers, agents, and individual insurers. They can charge whatever rate of premium it pleases them to demand, and the poor insurer, be he the private resident who desires to protect his household goods, or a manufacturing corporation desiring to protect their plant, etc., have no alternative but to pay. Were any attempt to be made by the fire offices to consider any individual risks on their merits, or were they to be guided by their experience of a particular class of risk, some extenuating circumstances might be offered on behalf of a firm tariff, but the plain truth is that the tariff only exists for the maintenance of the present enormous dividends paid by the fire offices. Let any reader of JOHN BULL look down the insurance share list and note the dividends paid to their shareholders during the past year—a period that has seen great losses paid for fires occurring in America, and it will be observed that those dividends have long passed the limit that should be in sympathy with anything approaching commercial equity.

In life assurance companies, where there is a proprietary body of shareholders, the dividend upon their shares is invariably limited to a small proportion of the profits, generally 10 per cent., the remaining 90 per cent. going to the assured, and such is the spirit of competition that the rate of premium charged by each life office invariably differs, and the public requiring life assurance can select that office which they believe will give them the best value for their premiums; but not so with fire insurance. They are forced to pay that premium which it is the "pleasure" of the "tariff" to extort, and that we do not use too strong a term is best illustrated by a perusal of the recently-issued report and balance-sheet of a fire company who have been particularly energetic in the matter of combinations, and zealous supporters of the tariff:—

Capital: 50,000 shares of £50 (converted into 250,000 shares of £10 each, upon which £1 per share is paid).
Actually subscribed per original share, £5.
Extract from Report for 1906.

The Directors recommend—

"The payment of a dividend (free of Income Tax) of six shillings per share of £10 each, £1 paid, equivalent to Thirty Shillings in respect of each original share, and making with the Interim Dividend paid in November last, *Sixty Shillings per original share for the year 1906.*

Having secured a rate of premium far in excess of that required to cover the actual risk, one would think that at least the Companies would provide their assured with a contract or policy that would be free from vexatious conditions, and with the certain prospect of a liberal settlement of any claim that might arise. Yet recently there has been an abundance of public testimony to the fact that neither of these conditions is fulfilled. It is a fact that the assured never really possesses that which he pays for. Take the case of an ordinary householder, who insures his furniture and effects for £1,000. He pays his premiums, may be for some years; he is unfortunately burnt out. Does he receive that for which he has been paying? Certainly not! He is asked to accept the value of his goods at prices appraised by the Company, and if the unfortunate policy-holder shows any inclination to kick, he is promptly asked to produce receipts as vouchers for the value of his goods. These perchance having been lost in the destruction of his home, he is completely at the mercy of the Company to whom for years he has been paying a premium upon such a sum that would secure the renewal of his home. The principle of deducting a large proportion of the sum assured for depreciation is monstrous; the assured has no intention of refurnishing his home with second-hand furniture; he has paid on the full cost of his goods, and is entitled to such a sum as will replace them.

The Companies, if they would justify their present tariff methods, must offer the insuring public an open and equitable contract, free from all vexatious and unwarrantable conditions. That was the spirit in which the fire business in this country was conducted years ago, and if the Companies do not amend their ways, and give the public better value for their money, it will be for the public to encourage outside Companies with better notions of justice.

AMERICAN AND CANADIAN BANKING.

Contrasting American bank management with that of Canadian banks, the *Monetary Times*, which is the leading financial newspaper in Canada, says that a noticeable feature about present-day American banking, especially in the large centres, is the tendency towards concentration of control. Rich and powerful capitalists obtain control of certain banks, and seek gradually to extend the pale of their influence. It may be that the banks in their control continue in some cases to discharge their proper functions, but there are substantial grounds for the idea common among the people that the controlled banks are sometimes used merely as engines to further the private schemes of the men in control. This tendency is not seen in Canadian banking. Ownership of the stocks of the banks is widely distributed—five and ten share lots and odd numbers of shares figure in great numbers in all the stock lists. Even if some rich capitalists were to succeed in obtaining the control of a majority of the stock in a Canadian bank, fear of a hostile public sentiment would be sufficient to deter them from perverting its operations too largely for their private benefit. If this fear did not suffice, there would still remain the wholesome influence of the periodical revision of the Bank Act by Parliament every ten years. The House of Commons is quick to notice and resent any departure by the banks from their duty of providing facilities for carrying on the general trade and commerce of the country.

The report of the Hovis Bread and Flour Company will be satisfactory reading to its shareholders. The profit for the year amounted to the handsome sum of £36,485, and the directors have been able to declare a dividend of 10 per cent. on the ordinary shares, the carry-forward being £898. This is gratifying testimony to the popularity of Hovis Bread, a popularity well deserved. The company now has mills in Macclesfield, London, Manchester, and South Africa.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of business.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum

" 3 " " " 6 " " "
" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SAFE INSURANCE.—PERPLEXED (Leeds).—If you want to insure we should advise you to go to one of the great insurance companies.

BEST BUILDING SOCIETY.—F. S. (Hammersmith).—There are several excellent building societies. If you go, for example, to the Perpetual, of New Bridge Street, they will treat you well.

PRICE OF CONSOLS.—J. G. H. (Bow).—Many causes have combined to bring down Consols to their present low quotation. We should not sell just now. Although we do not expect to see them much higher just yet, we think if you hold on for a time you will be able to sell without much loss.

RHODESIAN SHARES.—R. C. O. (Leeds).—If you cannot get payment of your debt in any other way you may as well take over the shares, but you would have great difficulty in disposing of them. You might credit the debtor with 1s. a share, but we doubt whether you will ever get 1s. for them.

PORTSMOUTH PARK.—R. G. (Camberwell).—We have no knowledge of these shares, but we will try and get you the information during the week.

AMERICAN EXPLORATION COMPANY.—J. C. (Liskeard).—The answer to your question is in the negative.

MEASURES BROS., LTD.—CAUTIOUS.—We should hold for the present.

SALE OF CONSOLS.—BULLS (Keighley).—You would be foolish to sell out just now, when Consols are lower than they have been for very many years, but we are afraid they are not likely to go much higher in the near future.

SALVATION ARMY METHODS.—A. G. P. (Paisley).—We are obliged to you for the paper you sent us giving an account of the way in which the Army conducts its emigration business. You know our opinion on the subject.

POSITION OF CO.—W. P. (Bridlington).—We think you had better not have dealings with the company you name.

THE BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION.—B. S. (Southport).—We regret we have not been able to deal with this matter sooner, but we will do so next week. We quite recognise its importance and are not forgetful that the Board of Trade are considering the report of the Official Receiver on the examination of the directors of the State Bank Corporation, Ltd.

BRUNNER MOND AND CO.—G. S. (Wimbledon).—(1) It is not a very serious decrease, but the shares are not likely to be much higher. (2) The Nelson Meat shares represent a very speculative investment.

ENDOWMENT POLICY.—R. A. C. (Upper Clapton).—Both, of course, are companies of high standing. We will answer your other query shortly.

Business Success.

A BUSINESS BOOK.

The "BUSINESS Encyclopædia" is like no other book in the world. It deals only with Business, but it deals with this great subject exhaustively and fully. It is not a luxury, therefore, but a business tool, and as such indispensable to the ambitious man who means to succeed, whether as Capitalist, Financier, Merchant, Manufacturer, Solicitor, Shopkeeper, Cashier, Commercial Traveller, Clerk, Agent, or Manager.

The young man will find here every detail relating to those matters on which he wishes to inform himself in order to increase his value in the commercial market. To

THE MATURE BUSINESS MAN

the "BUSINESS Encyclopædia" will prove equally valuable. It enables him to keep in line with new methods and new systems of business. With this work beside him, the most diffident man may acquire confidence in his own capability, and, proceeding to put his ideas into practice, may make of his business life a sure success. It is knowledge that counts nowadays; the man who wants to succeed in business must have specialised business knowledge. When it is pointed out that there are over

10,000 REFERENCES

in the Index, it will be seen that no detail connected with business has been overlooked, and that every subject can be turned up with the least possible trouble. Amongst these ten thousand matters there must be some that will be of the greatest use to you. There may be one, the knowledge of which may prove to be the *key* of success for you.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS.

The world makes room for the man who knows. The man who knows carries all before him in the business world. In every big business, when a perplexing question arises, there is some one man who is sent for as the man who knows. It will mean a great deal to you if you are that man. The "BUSINESS Encyclopædia" contains all that peculiarly BUSINESS information that will enable YOU to become the man who knows. It deals with the matters that are not elucidated in any other work of reference. It is THE book for the man who is determined to make headway.

FOUR OPINIONS.

1. Messrs. J. S. FRY and SONS, Bristol:
"We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase this work."
2. Sir WILLIAM TRELOAR (the Lord Mayor):
"The Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser is a work of considerable value and utility, especially to commercial men."
3. Sir THOMAS LIPTON:
"Most valuable to every business man."
4. The late Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY:
"Of great assistance to every business man."

THE BOOK FOR YOU.

It follows that if the "BUSINESS Encyclopædia" is found useful to men whose names stand for success in business, that it is useful, and even indispensable, for you. You cannot afford to be behind in the race. The man who succeeds in business is the man who knows about Business.

A FREE BOOK.

We have prepared a handsomely illustrated Book, "THE PRACTICAL BOOK," which will be sent to you free of charge, and which will show you how necessary the "BUSINESS ENCYCLOPÆDIA" is to YOUR success. It points out the danger to business men of their falling into a rut, and how to avoid this danger. It includes specimen plates embodying J. Holt Schooling's comparative calculations as to trade, etc.; also facsimiles of useful business documents. It contains priceless information for the man who means to succeed. And it will also tell you how to obtain the "BUSINESS ENCYCLOPÆDIA" for a first payment of 3s. only.

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AMONG THE LAWYERS.

A LAW FOR THE UNKNOWN.

We would draw the attention of our readers to certain recent decisions of Mr. Robert Wallace, K.C., the recently-appointed Chairman of the Clerkenwell Sessions, and we would ask whether they are to be taken as precedents; and, if so, why Mr. Wallace has successfully abrogated the principles which from time immemorial have guided the administration of justice in this country. These principles we need hardly inform our readers involve the proof in open Court at the trial of an accused person of every fact which the prosecution or the defence relies on. Such proof is given on oath by means of documentary evidence; but statements made by prisoners (except in the witness-box), or by counsel, are not accepted, for the simple reason that their truth cannot be tested by cross-examination. Now Mr. Robert Wallace has on two occasions recently disregarded this rule.

The first case was when a man calling himself "Charles Smith, of America," who pleaded guilty to burglary, declined to give any proper information about himself, but handed up a document for the perusal of Mr. Wallace, who, after scanning it, ordered this self-confessed burglar to be set at liberty. This procedure must have struck even Mr. Wallace as unusual, for a few days afterwards he explained in open Court that

> in the document handed to him, the prisoner begged that his identity should not be disclosed, and that the news of his downfall should be kept from his family.

Mr. Wallace expressed himself

> satisfied that the prisoner came of a good family, and that this was his first offence in this country.

Far be it from us to press for the sentencing of every burglar to whom the presiding judge wishes to extend the benefit of the First Offenders' Act; but we cannot believe that in this case Mr. Wallace did injustice to himself. He could not possibly have satisfied himself as to the truth of any statement made in the document handed up to him by this "John Smith, of America," for no witnesses were called to give evidence in support of it, nor did the prisoner himself go into the witness-box. We have no reason to question the truth of any of the statements contained in the document. No doubt "John Smith, of America," came, as Mr. Wallace believed, "of a good family," and his burglarious exploit was "his first offence in this country." But, we wonder, if "John Smith, of Whitechapel," had pleased guilty to a similar charge, would any of the statements he made in writing, or from the dock, have set him free?

The second case was, if possible, more extraordinary. Two women, mother and daughter, calling themselves Elizabeth Dickenson and Lily Davies, pleaded guilty to two counts in an indictment charging them with a systematic course of fraud on tradesmen in Bayswater, after having done the same thing elsewhere. No evidence was called for the defence, but Sir Charles Mathews, who appeared for the women, addressed the learned judge at length, and drew a most harrowing picture of the lives led by them. The daughter, it appeared from the counsel's statement, was the mistress of an author, who had led her and her mother to believe that he would make certain provision for them, but had failed to do so. He had intended to give evidence to that effect at the last hearing of the case, but had suddenly died. Mr. Wallace, without requiring the women to give evidence in corroboration of what their counsel had said, bound them over in their own recognisances to come up for judgment if called upon. Here, again, we do not doubt for one moment that the statements made on their behalf by Sir Charles Mathews were absolutely correct in every detail; but it is surely conceivable that on other occasions other accused persons may instruct counsel to make statements on their behalf which are absolutely devoid of any vestige of truth. How then is a judge to differentiate between the innocent and the guilty if he brushes aside the tests which the law provides for probing statements to the bottom? Are we to take it that, in criminal cases in future, whilst the prosecution will be obliged to prove guilt up to the hilt, the prisoners need only conceal their real names, and put up clever counsel to speak on their behalf, to be released without further ado?

We hope that we have made it clear that we have no desire to cast a doubt upon the truth of the statements made to Mr. Wallace upon which he acted; but we say that the principle of acting upon any statements made in any case, which are not corroborated on oath or by documentary evidence, is indefensible, totally opposed to the requirements of the law, and not to be tolerated.

Indigestion and Debility.

To ensure the absolute cure of Indigestion, Nervousness, and General Debility, it is necessary—
(1) That Guy's Tonic should be taken after Meals, so that Food shall be thoroughly digested, the Organs of Digestion toned and Strengthened, and the Blood improved in quality.
(2) That Constipation should be corrected and the Liver stimulated to healthy activity by the occasional use of Guy's Fruit Pills. The body will thus be freed from waste material, and the beneficial effect of Guy's Tonic will consequently be much assisted.

Guy's Tonic Treatment.

Guy's Tonic

is a pleasant, Strength-giving Remedy that unfailingly cures Indigestion and its many symptoms—Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Pain after Food, Flatulence, Nausea, Weight and Discomfort in the Chest, Heart Palpitation and Acidity.

¶ It is also remarkably successful in Anæmia, Emaciation, and other Ailments due to an impoverished condition of the Blood.

¶ In Nervousness, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Disturbed Sleep, Confused Thoughts, Loss of Memory, Depression, Melancholy, Languor, Exhaustion, and all Affections due to a Weakened condition of the nervous system, Guy's Tonic acts immediately and with splendid effect.

¶ Whenever the system is Run-Down and the General Health "below par" (although no particular Disorder is present) Guy's Tonic may be relied upon to give Brightness, Energy, and real lasting Strength.

Guy's Fruit Pills

can always be taken with great advantage in conjunction with Guy's Tonic, but in cases where the Bowels are Costive, or the Liver Sluggish, their employment is particularly necessary.

¶ Complete Relief will be experienced from Guy's Fruit Pills when the following Symptoms are present: Sluggishness and Congestion of the Liver, Biliousness, Despondency, Giddiness, Sallowness of the Complexion, Pains between the Shoulders, Headache, Blotches on the Skin, and Irritability.

¶ Guy's Fruit Pills form a perfectly safe, natural Laxative, thereby curing Constipation, Colic, Griping Pains, a feeling of Heaviness and Lassitude, Spasms, Flatulent Distension, and other Disorders dependent upon an inactive condition of the Bowels.

Guy's Tonic is sold at 1/1½d. per bottle, Guy's Fruit Pills at 1/1½d. per Box, by Chemists and Stores throughout the World. Their joint action is productive of wonderfully efficacious and curative results.

HAIR CULTURE FREE.

A LONDON FIRM'S AMAZING OFFER.

Every Man and Woman Should Read This.

The value of personal appearance is really inestimable. We are certainly judged "by our looks," and not only to the fairer sex is confined that penetrating eye that at once gauges character, disposition, and claims to physical attraction. Women, however, as a general rule, have more time to spend in the cult of appearance and good looks, but even they are apt to neglect the great charms Nature has given. To-day, when even commercial success depends on personal appearance, numbers of the sterner sex are finding that it is absolutely necessary to pay attention to appearances, and endeavour to restrain the ravaging hand of time.

The following free offer, made by the largest, and certainly the most enterprising, firm in London, in the light of the above remarks, will, we are certain, prove of interest to all readers of JOHN BULL.

Which of the great adjuncts to personal appearance and beauty most quickly portrays to our friends and enemies the passing of time? Surely, that most beautiful natural gift—the hair. Immediately the hair begins to fade in colour, becomes dull, and, indeed, commences to fall from the head, the face beneath takes on an older look. Not all the brilliancy of rosy cheeks, not all the brightness of the clearest eyes, will count against the tell-tale dull, grey, or falling hair. To those who would preserve their looks and keep the invaluable asset of good appearance, the care of the hair becomes a necessity, and it is in this connection that the free offer is made.

THE SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

We conclude the name of Edwards' "Harlene" is known in every household in this kingdom. "Harlene" has proved the one hair tonic and restorer that has earned the confidence of the public. The proprietors of this invaluable preparation have decided to offer free to all readers of JOHN BULL a special bottle of their wonderful preparation with directions how to use the same, and thus allow every person to start on a simple course of hair culture without any cost. The special bottle of "Harlene" will be sent to any part of the world to all those sending name and address to Edwards' Harlene Company, 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, and enclosing three penny stamps to defray cost of postage (foreign stamps accepted), and mentioning name of this paper. If called for, no charge whatever will be made. This unique opportunity of testing a hair tonic that has earned the praise of all classes, from Royalty downwards, should be taken advantage of by all those who appreciate the value of beautiful, bright, healthy hair.

"Harlene" is a tonic preparation, which, acting directly at the nourishment centre of the hair shafts, prevents decay and loss of colour. Its use when baldness has set in has been recommended by medical men, and, indeed, practical results have shown that even when all vestige of hair has disappeared, a new growth has been encouraged, and that simply by a few daily applications of "Harlene."

Our last word of advice is: "Internal Remedies will ruin your constitution. Cheap, worthless remedies will ruin your hair."

We advise every reader, lady or gentleman, to write or call to-day for the special bottle of "Harlene"—we should say those only who desire to keep the hair beautiful, healthy and strong. The use of "Harlene" in early life will be found to save all the inconvenience of hair troubles, for such disagreeable ailments as scurf, dryness, and breaking hair never occur to those who constantly use this splendid tonic. It is said that health affects the brilliancy of the hair, or rather that ill-health takes away that gloss which is so much admired. "Harlene" keeps the hair glossy, bright, and clean. All who respect their appearance should use it daily. 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle, from all Chemists and Stores, or post paid on receipt of Postal Order.

THE CHURCH ARMY AND "JOHN BULL."

Prebendary Carlile's Reply to "John Bull's" Allegations. Our Rejoinder. We charge Mr. Carlile with (1) Statements calculated to mislead. (2) Misapplication of Gifts. (3) The Methods of the Sweater. (4) Misdealing with Balance Sheets.

In our issue of May 18th we directed attention to the management of that branch of the Church Army known as the Samaritan Employment Office and Bureau. We quoted a latter addressed by Mr. Carlile to the charitable, in which he appealed to them on behalf of "respectable City clerks" and others "for donations, old clothes, boots, and hats," saying that these gifts were urgently wanted, and would be greatly valued. To strengthen his appeal Mr. Carlile said that he had given his "best rooms" at the Rectory as a "free refuge" for these unfortunate people, and he could do no more. We pointed out that in the accounts £168 17s. 11d. was entered against "rent, rates, taxes, gas, and repairs," and we invited an explanation of the apparent discrepancy. We went on to point out that whereas the charitable public were asked to send money and clothes for the maintenance of the Bureau, Mr. Carlile deducted a heavy discount from the monies paid by employers for the services of the men sent from the Bureau, and we asked how that could be justified, seeing that the donations admittedly received were in themselves much more than enough to pay the expenses of the Bureau. In our issue of May 25th we made further reference to this matter, and we questioned the accuracy of the accounts presented by the Bureau.

A day or two after the publication of the second of these articles we received a letter from Mr. Carlile, telling us there was nothing really to complain about, and saying that one of his secretaries would forward us a detailed reply to our comments. By the same post we received that reply, which it is only right we should publish, as we do below, *in extenso*:—

Headquarters: 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch,
London, W., May 23rd, 1907.

To the Editor of John Bull

Sir,—Your issues of May 11th, 18th, and 25th contain references to the Church Army which, being misleading, require brief comment. You appear to question the *bonâ fides* of Prebendary Carlile in asserting that he grants the free use of his "best rooms" at St. Mary-at-Hill Rectory to the purposes of the City Employment Bureau. For thirteen years Mr. Carlile has given these rooms *rent free*, with cellarage and yard adjoining, for the purpose stated, receiving only £40 per annum towards rates, taxes and repairs. It may be mentioned that the letting value of the rooms and yard in question is about £140 per annum. As the work of the department increased, further accommodation became necessary, and rooms on the first floor (already let to other tenants) had to be appropriated to the Bureau. For these rent is paid, though at a lower rate than was formerly the case. Your remark that "even if the rooms were rented on an ordinary commercial basis the charge would be exorbitant," is therefore wholly inaccurate, and Mr. Carlile's statement that he "cannot do more than offer his best rooms as a free refuge" is correct. It is open to question whether many rectors would do as much, involving as it does the loss of over £100 per annum in rent.

The sums transferred to the Labour Homes in Banner Street, Princes Square, and Bow Road were partly in payment for services rendered by these institutions directly to the Employment Bureau. Without their co-operation the Bureau could not have performed the useful service it did; for example, during the first nine months of 1906, in rehabilitating not only unemployed clerks, but 3,906 men and youths of all trades and professions.

Your further statement of the 18th inst., that the Bureau pays its beneficiaries less than the value of their work is, I am pleased to observe, rectified in your issue of the 25th, when you show that against £1,319 10s., proceeds of work done by clerks, they received in wages, food and grants under special distress £1,672 9s. 1d. Your other figures, except when quoted from our certified reports, are quite inaccurate.

In conclusion, may I add that the Church Army has for twenty-five years conducted its operations on well-considered lines, which have earned and retained the respect and esteem of the hardest-headed business men and ablest thinkers of the day. Criticism is the life of such an organisation as the Church Army claims to be; but such attacks as you have seen fit to direct against it, coming, moreover, from the source they do, are calculated to mislead readers who may be ignorant of the real facts.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
B. Davies, Press Secretary.

We take the statements of this letter *seriatim*. Mr. Carlile says that for thirteen years he has given his Rectory rooms "rent free, with cellarage and yard adjoining," receiving only £40 per annum towards rates, taxes, and repairs. If that be so, how does he explain the item in his income and expenditure account for 1905 which formed the text of our observations, and which is as follows:—

"Rent, rates, taxes, gas, repairs ... £168 17s. 11d." ?

Immediately contradicting himself, Mr. Carlile goes on to say that "as the work of the department increased further accommodation became necessary, and rooms on the first floor had to be appropriated to the Bureau. For these rent is paid." We say in reply that when, as in his letter published in our issue of May 18th, Mr. Carlile speaks of having given up his "best rooms as a free refuge" he says that which we regret to say is untrue. The rooms originally held by the Church Army at the Rectory were the basement, consisting of a kitchen 18 x 15, and a cellarage, together with a yard 18 x 6, in which the wood is cut. The Church Army now occupies, in addition, the ground floor, which consists of one room 15 x 15, a small office adjoining for the use of the manager, and another small office for the accountant, 11 x 5, the manager's room being a few feet taken from the 15 x 15 room. Mr. Carlile says the letting value of these premises is £140 per annum at least. We have been shown better rooms in the immediate neighbourhood to be got for £100. As to the "best" rooms, it is mere fiction on Mr. Carlile's part to say he has given them up to the use of the Bureau. He has done nothing of the kind. The first floor, which is the best floor, and which Mr. Carlile tells us has been given up to the Bureau, is let by him to G. I. Chapman and Co., Ltd., Chas. Anderson, and the London and Suburban P.V. Catering Co., Ltd.; the next floor, which is not the "best" floor, but is a good floor, is occupied by J. Fisher, W. F. Sproston, and William Mordin and Son; and the third floor is occupied by Mr. Carlile himself, who has a room there, and a caretaker. These are the facts, and we say that when, in support of an appeal for donations, Mr. Carlile claims to have acted generously, and to have given up the "best rooms" in his Rectory as a "free refuge," he misleads.

In our issue of May 18th we asked why the sum of £843 3s. 7d., part of the donations received on behalf of the Employment Bureau, should have been handed over to the Banner Street, Princes Square, and Bow Labour Homes. Mr. Carlile replies that these monies were given to these Homes "partly in payment for services rendered by these institutions directly to the Employment Bureau." Even if that were a correct explanation, we should contest Mr. Carlile's right to hand over this large sum of money, subscribed for the specific purpose of assisting a particular institution, and a particular class for which that institution exists, to another institution whose objects are different, and in which, quite conceivably, some of the givers of the donations might have no interest whatsoever. But we go farther, and we say it is not the fact that this money was handed over "partly in payment for services rendered" by these two Homes to the Bureau. No services worth talking about have been rendered by them to the Bureau that were not paid for. Indeed, as far as we know, the only things got by the Bureau from the Labour Homes were the use of barrows, for which the Bureau pay 6d. an hour, and bed tickets, for which they pay 6d. each.

Mr. Carlile proceeds to say that the statement in our issue of May 18th that the Bureau pays its beneficiaries less than the value of their work is "rectified" in our issue of the 25th, when we show that against £1,319 10s., proceeds of work done by clerks, they received in wages, food, and grants under special distress £1,672 9s. 1d. A more audacious statement than this we have never met with in controversy. We said in our issue of May 18th that the monies paid to Mr. Carlile for the services of the distressed clerks for whom work is found by the Bureau amounted to a much larger sum than the money paid by Mr. Carlile to the clerks for doing the work, in other words, that Mr. Carlile charged these unfortunate men a heavy premium for getting them work to do. In our issue of May 25th we referred to this matter, and pointed out that the figures in Mr. Carlile's income and expenditure account bearing upon this point must be inaccurate. This is what we said:—

> As we showed last week the Army takes roughly speaking about one-third of the sum paid by employers for the services of clerks recommended by the Bureau. How comes it then that according to the figures of the income and expenditure account the Army pays the clerks £350 odd in excess of what the clerks earn through the introduction of the Bureau. Surely it must be the other way about?

MACHINE VERSUS HAND IN CIGARETTE MAKING.

STARTLING FACTS!

If you could see the conditions under which some hand-made Cigarettes are produced, you would never put another hand-made Cigarette to your lips.

The East End Slums of London produce millions of hand-made Cigarettes, and the workers follow their calling in their own homes—homes where the most deplorable sanitary conditions prevail.

When you consider for a moment that Tobacco is one of the most sensitively absorbent products of nature, you can well imagine that the smoking of Cigarettes produced under such conditions is not conducive to good health.

Quite apart from the enormous business of Cigarette making in the homes, however, millions of Cigarettes are turned out by hand in factories. And even where the most scrupulous cleanliness is observed, it is not, surely, in the best interests of health that such a delicate thing as Tobacco should be handled over much, especially by hand-workers whose health must, of necessity, not be so good some days as on others.

How different, in comparison, are the conditions under which the best machine-made Cigarettes are manufactured. Take for example the Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes.

The Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes are made under conditions which satisfy the most exacting. The making of the paper rolls, the printing of the paper, and the entire making of the Cigarettes with the choicest Virginia Tobacco, are all done without the Cigarette coming into contact with the hands even once.

The delicate machinery which makes Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes places the long strands of Tobacco in such a way that they smoke perfectly—a smoke which is free drawing and cool, with a charming flavour that cannot possibly be obtained from Cigarettes made by hand. If you value good health you will smoke Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes.

Another point, too, is the economy of manufacture. Producing Black Cat Cigarettes by machinery makes it possible to give the smoker better Tobacco than can possibly be put into hand-made Cigarettes at the same price—or even double the price. Why should you pay 6d. for 10 hand-made Virginia Cigarettes when you can get better quality Tobacco in Black Cat Cigarettes at 10 for 8d.?

What the manufacturers save in making Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes by machinery they put into the quality of the Tobacco. That is the reason why Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes at 10 for 3d. contain Virginia Tobacco which is as good as any Cigarette at 10 for 6d. and infinitely better than some of them.

To test this for yourself, you should light a Black Cat Virginia Cigarette and a 6d. Virginia Cigarette at the same time and draw from each alternately. You will be surprised at the wonderful difference in taste, in aroma, in coolness, and in free drawing—and all the difference is in favour of the Black Cat Virginia Cigarette at 10 for 3d.

GOOD NEWS FOR COLLECTORS.

8,000 VARIETIES OF STAMPS FREE!!

£1,000 IN PRIZES.

The collection of postage stamps is one of the most fascinating and instructive hobbies anyone can take up.

The great charm of stamp collecting is that it may be indulged in by all ages and at all seasons. It may be made a pleasant hobby, or a deeply-interesting study, considered in its international, geographical or historical interest. The romance and literature of stamps are most interesting, and, as works of art, many stamps are unrivalled.

Perhaps what is more to the point in this up-to-date age, is the fact that stamp collecting may even be diverted into a money-making hobby, for, as everybody knows, there are stamps which are worth thousands of pounds.

Perhaps a beginner may say, what shall I collect? This question is very easily answered. The soundest advice is, start by collecting all the foreign stamps you can, and by so doing you will get a general knowledge of stamps so necessary for success if you develop into a stamp specialist.

Expert stamp collectors admit that the stamps given away in every packet of Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes have made this interesting hobby more popular than it ever was. And this is not to be wondered at, considering the remarkable assortment and value of the stamps which all smokers of Black Cat Cigarettes obtain for nothing.

Not only do the proprietors of Black Cat Cigarettes make it easy for anyone to start collecting stamps, but they also give away beautiful Stamp Albums free of charge.

These Albums contain properly-indexed spaces for over 8,000 varieties of stamps. The series of stamps included in the Black Cat Virginia Cigarette Packets number over 8,000 different varieties, and some of them are real gems.

£1,000 IN PRIZES.

Collecting Stamps from packets of Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes is not only interesting, but highly profitable, because £1,000 in prizes is given away every year by Messrs. Carreras, Ltd., the proprietors of Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes.

And not only are prizes given for the collection of stamps, but also for the collection of coupons—one stamp and one coupon being given away with every 10 Cigarettes bought. Full particulars of this interesting scheme are given in every packet and box of Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes, and the coupons, whatever date they bear, are good for this year's competitions.

Black Cat Cigarettes

(PURE VIRGINIA OF THE VERY HIGHEST QUALITY)

Made by Carreras, Ltd., London, E.C., and guaranteed to be untouched by hand from start to finish.

10 for 3d. 20 for 6d.

50 for 1/3. 100 for 2/6.

OF ALL TOBACCONISTS,

Or CARRERAS LTD., 7, WARDOUR STREET, W.

And this is the comment—a comment implying a misleading balance-sheet—that Mr. Carlile thinks himself justified in referring to as a "rectification" of our statement of the 18th!

We buttressed our article of May 18th by referring to specific cases to prove our statement that Mr. Carlile charges a heavy premium for obtaining employment for these unfortunate clerks. We referred to Messrs. Wells, Gardner and Co. as paying Mr. Carlile 5s. per thousand for addressing envelopes, and said that Mr. Carlile only paid the clerks 4s.; we referred to Messrs. Wood and Co., of Worship Street, as paying the Army 6s. per thousand for enclosing and sealing down, and said that Mr. Carlile only paid the men who did the work 4s. We referred to Messrs. Twist and Browning as paying 32s. a week for men employed through the Bureau, and to whom, until they protested, Mr. Carlile only paid 18s. a week. Mr. Carlile now says that these figures are "quite inaccurate." They are, in fact, absolutely correct. We challenge Mr. Carlile to obtain the endorsement of his statement by any one of the firms named, to send us a statement from any one of them that the monies they paid Mr. Carlile for the work done for them by men from the Bureau was not considerably in excess of the monies the men received for the work from Mr. Carlile. Whilst we are upon this question of sweating—sweating the men Mr. Carlile is supposed to befriend—we will give one other illustration of it. Mr. Pickett is a well-known tailor in Eastcheap. Some time ago he wanted a couple of men to do a couple of days' work for him. He applied to the Army Bureau, and Mr. Carlile sent him two men. He paid the Bureau generously for their services, 20s. for the two of them, or at the rate of 5s. a day. Mr. Carlile paid the men 10s., or at the rate of 2s. 6d. per day. That is to say, he took 100 per cent. of their earnings for getting them the work.

So much for Mr. Carlile and his attempt to upset our statements. We have only one or two more observations to make at present upon the methods of the Samaritan Employment Office and Bureau. In the letter asking for donations Mr. Carlile appeals not only for money but for clothes; for money to meet the costs of keeping up the institution, and for clothes to enable some of the men who have got "shabby" to appear decently clad in seeking employment. It is an appeal that has always been met by generous response. Rich men, and well-to-do men, have many clothes they can easily spare, and of the best quality. They are seldom much worn. These clothes are sent in large quantities in answer to Mr. Carlile's appeal. What is done with them? Are they handed over to the inmates of the Bureau? Do those inmates get the full benefit of them? No. These clothes, or rather the best of them, and those not used by the officials of the place, are sold, or rather were sold until very recently, to a man named Cohen. Presumably the proceeds went to the General Fund of the Army, but we see no credit given for them in the accounts before us, though doubtless it appears elsewhere. Why? And what possible justification can Mr. Carlisle plead for selling to outsiders the clothes sent to him in response to his appeal, and for the specific purpose of benefiting "the respectable City clerks" for whom the Bureau is intended? It behoves Mr. Carlile to answer these questions.

That there shall be no possible misconception of our allegations as they affect Mr. Carlile and the Samaritan Employment Office and Bureau, we summarize them:—

1. We charge Mr. Carlile with putting forward a very misleading statement when in appealing to the charitable to assist the Samaritan Employment Office and Bureau, he states that he has surrendered the "best rooms" in the St. Mary-at-Hill Rectory House for the needs of the Bureau.

2. We charge Mr. Carlile with selling clothes sent for the use of necessitous but respectable clerks and others to a Houndsditch second-hand clothes dealer, and not setting out the proceeds in the income and expenditure account of the Bureau as given by him to the public.

3. We charge Mr. Carlile with sweating the "respectable City clerks and others," on whose behalf he appeals to the public for money, by deducting a heavy percentage from the monies he receives for the work done by them.

4. We assert that the auditors complained of the form of accounts as misleading. Further, that Mr. Zurcher, who was the bookkeeper at the Samaritan Employment Bureau, condemned the accounts, and soon after he pointed out the discrepancies he ceased to be in the service of the Bureau.

Mr. Carlile cannot plead that he is not directly responsible for the management of the Samaritan Employment Office and Bureau. The Bureau comes, and admittedly comes, under his direct supervision.

The Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company

SILVERSMITHS

125 & 126, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, W.

BUY DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS.

WE CAN SAVE YOU 25% THE SHOPKEEPERS' PROFIT.

SOLE MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED

WELBECK PLATE

Guaranteed for 30 years.

WRITE FOR PICTORIAL CATALOGUE. MENTION THIS PAPER.

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A 45 h.p. 4-CYLINDER

STANDARD MERCÉDÈS TOURING CAR

On Wednesday and Thursday, May 1st and 2nd, accomplished the run, and **BROKE the RECORD,** from **LONDON** to **MONTE CARLO** in **29 hrs. 20 mins.,** beating the previous best by **4¼ hrs.**

Time from BOULOGNE to MONTE CARLO was 23½ hrs., which still constitutes Record.

During the entire run the engine and the Dunlop Tyres gave no trouble whatever. Not a spanner was put to any part of the engine.

Immediate Delivery can be given of a similar Car.

We can also give early delivery of other models, viz.:—20, 25 and 35 h.p., fitted with double phaeton, limousine, and landaulette coachwork.

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AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

I thought of calling this dissertation, "De Omnibus Rebus et Quibusdam Aliis," but I remembered in time that John Bull does not quote Latin. He might have thought I was cursing conveyances. To be brief, I am now about to rid myself of various volumes by discussing everything under the sun.

Theology.

"**The Churches and Modern Thought**: An Inquiry into the Grounds of Unbelief and an Appeal for Candour." By Philip Vivian. (London: Watts and Co. 1907. Second Edition.)

"**A Handbook to Truth.**" By the Rev. John O. West. London: C. E. Bookroom. Price 9d.)

Most agnostics, while nominally professing to know nothing, really consider themselves omniscient; most freethinkers are intolerant of the free thoughts of all believers. It is therefore refreshing to find a dispassionate assailant of religion in Mr. Philip Vivian. (Let me hasten to say that I never heard of him until I saw his book; otherwise, I might be suspected of nepotism.)

The chief fault I have to find with him is that he has no imagination. And without imagination it is impossible to appreciate the spiritual side of life, whereof imagination is an essential denominator. I think he is also dooming himself to disappointment when he sets out to prove a negative. Even if he succeeded in demolishing all known systems of religion, he might still be confronted with "the unknown God." At his best, he is only like his Majesty's Opposition, "whose business it is to oppose," not to construct. Let him take away our faith if he can, but what will he put in its place? How will he account for the mysteries of creation, evolution, and life? Probably by the elusive terminology of "Science." But Science has changed its aspects quite as frequently as Religion during the lapse of ages.

Mr. Philip Vivian appears to believe that miracles can never have occurred because they would be a "break in Nature's laws," and he asks, "Why have miracles ceased?" The answer is that "breaks in Nature's laws" have not ceased, if we take Nature as it is understood by the ordinary man of science. The ordinary, obvious laws of "Nature" are being constantly overruled by the laws of some other dispensation, which Science has not yet contrived to master.

Even if the Bible were a mere collection of legends and fables, it would remain a wonderful and elevating piece of literature. Even if Christ never existed we might say of Him, as Disraeli said of Don Quixote, "He lives for us," and He lives as an influence for good. The fool who "said in his heart there is no God," may or may not have been a liar, but he was a fool because he tried to take away from mankind a great source of consolation and hope. He was a fool not to let well alone.

I should need a volume to refute all Mr. Philip Vivian's meticulous contentions, so I am content to tell him that the truth of a religion does not matter. The essential is that it should make for righteousness. True Christianity does this; Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and even, to a certain extent, Jujuism, do this. Do not deprive the human ship of its rudder, howbeit imperfect, before you have some other engine to provide in its place.

Mr. West's book is a fervent and rational brief on the other side, but I fear it will not convince many atheists, for it takes many premises for granted, but it deserves attentive consideration. So for that matter does Mr. Philip Vivian's book, which takes too many things for not granted. After all, the Kingdom of Heaven is within us. Either we have that divine blessing or it has been denied to us. But if we have it not, why need we grudge it to others? The key to the whole situation is that without religion no man ever was or ever can be thoroughly happy.

Conscription.

"**A Nation in Arms.**" By F.M. Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G. (London: John Murray. 1907. 1s. net.)

"**The Message.**" By A. J. Dawson. London: Mrs. Grant Richards. 1907. 6s.)

The firm of Dawson and Roberts has been founded for the purpose of promoting the harmless, unnecessary pastime of shooting at toy-rifle ranges. The methods adopted are to run about and scream "Wolf!" about the imminence of a German invasion. After a careful perusal of both efforts, I have utterly failed to decide which partner screams more monotonously and unconvincingly than the other. Both, of course, employ fiction to cry their wares, Dawson avowedly, Roberts unconsciously.

Mr. Dawson's alleged novel deals with the doings of a prig, who struggles to earn his living as a journalist. After a variety of uninteresting experiences, interspersed with the usual twaddle about social questions, the wickedness of extravagance, the defects of the Government, &c., we suddenly learn that communications have been cut off between London and East Anglia. Of course, it is the long-promised German invasion! And of course, it is all accomplished with childish ease. The British Fleet has been conveniently lured away to the Mediterranean, no one has noticed the German embarkation, and the march to London is merely a military promenade. Germany extorts her own terms, but England soon recovers owing to the activity of a number of impossible people in organising rifle clubs. The moral, or "message," is that this ought all to have been done before. The which is not very convincing, but serves to illustrate a type of mind now unfortunately common. It also dots the eyes of Lord Roberts's speeches.

These have now been collected in an unnecessary volume which may be safely recommended as a splendid soporific. I have heard Lord Roberts attempt to address a public meeting. As he cannot speak, he tries to read from typewritten pages. As he cannot even read, he finds it difficult to arouse enthusiasm. I fear he will not be much more successful with the present pamphlet. Here is a typical passage—

> "Quit you like men" is a sacred injunction that I would like to see inscribed not only in every place of worship, but also in every school and in every place of business in this much favoured land.

I am not altogether a believer in the educational efficacy of texts on walls, but it may be amusing to remark what Lord Roberts understands by the phrase. Of course, we cannot quit ourselves like men unless we play with his toy ranges. But how much more does he want us to do? Among his many vain repetitions, perhaps the favourite is to protest that he does not advocate conscription. In one sense this is true, for conscription implies some kind of ballot, whereby part of the male population shall be exempt from military service, and Lord Roberts would like to enrol us all. In one place he says that "nothing less will suffice than a total military strength of a million trained and efficient men." Elsewhere he hints at the need of much greater numbers. Surely he must be in his dotage if he does not realize that the country never will stand any form of compulsory service. Britons never, never will be slaves.

A LOOKING GLASS.

A maiden fair, as fair could be, lived in a cottage by the sea;
She was a pilot's daughter.
She sighed and moaned, alack, alas! for the sight of a little looking glass,
Instead of a pail of water.

A tempter came one summer's eve, and bade the maiden cease to grieve,
A mirror he had brought her;
Placing the packet at her feet, she paid him well in kisses sweet,
As in his arms he caught her.

Once in her room, with door secured, she thought of all she had endured
Using that pail of water;
She loosed her hair, and bared her breast, and prayed before she went to rest
The prayers her mother taught her.

One peep she must by candle dim take of the lips first kissed by him
Who this fine gift had brought her;
Alack, alas! she had no glass; the youth who kissed and kissed the lass
Had a *Daily Mirror* brought her.

D. Seever.

THE HURLY BURLY

X.—THE VANISHING MAN AND THE WONDERFUL WOMAN.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

An eminent person of Chicago recently made lamentation and much ado because he has discovered, or professes to have discovered, that man, like the Red Indian and the youth who wants to join the Army, is rapidly dying out. "We are fast drifting to the age of the Eternal Feminine" is the wail, "when man will be a back number." Perhaps it does not matter. It does not matter to me, at all events. Long before the last man is discovered sitting lonely on a camp stool in the wilderness (having fled thither from the women), I shall be in a fairer and I hope happier world than this. Apparently, however, it is a matter of grave consequence to gentlemen who live not by bread alone, but by statistics also. These be our Jeremiahs.

On the one hand, we are brought face to face with the fact that women no longer take ecstatic joy in babies, preferring the more varied entertainments of this life, and, on the other, that they are over-running the land in efforts almost frantic to secure all the best situations which happen to be going. Add to this that thousands of men have got no work to do, and that thousands most respectfully decline to marry, and you have a condition of things which obviously tends to the elimination of my noble sex. It may seem a horrible fate to befall a collection of well-meaning creatures who have run the world pretty much on their own lines since the dawn of Creation. Personally, however, I decline to worry. Woman may take over the entire management of the earth for me, and welcome. My comfort is that when she does I shall not be here to watch her do it.

There is no question that women are forcing their way into positions formerly regarded as the exclusive preserves of man. I have seen them shelling peas in Covent Garden, editing newspapers and magazines in Fleet Street, and auctioneering furniture in the City. They have dawned on my startled gaze as picture canvassers and travellers for the best Ceylon tea. They have shaved me with neatness and dispatch, and cut my hair with style, quality, and finish. As doctors, I have permitted them to practise on other people, and as photographers they have made me look beautiful in a picture frame. I have seen them as landscape gardeners, and have heard them publicly playing the fiddle and the drum, and it may be that somewhere they will sole and heel my boots while I wait. Only the other day the housemaid at my country seat told me that there was a red-haired girl at the door who desired to sell me some scissors. I said no, but if she brought a machine to grind the fowl carver she could have the job.

By-and-by, I do not doubt that women will buy locomotives and electric tram-cars, and bring round coal in hundredweight bags and overhead them into the cellar while wearing a matinee hat and a pair of high-heeled boots. But the real beginning of the end of man's dominion will come when he stays at home to play with the duster and the washleather and the broom, while the wife of his bosom and the daughter who never yearns to marry, depart into the throbbing, strenuous world to provide him with pin money, the landlord with the rent, the borough council with the rates, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer with the taxes. Other men may lament that women are taking work out of their hands, but for myself I say that if any of the ladies of my family think they can do my job better than I can do it myself, I am at any moment willing to take a large easy-chair into the garden and watch the flowers grow.

That there will be exciting times ere man lays down his weary head and gives up the struggle for existence goes without saying. As matters are, he is free—within limits. He can work ten hours a day for sixpence an hour with a pick and a spade, take tea, keep an appointment with a man who wants to sell him a dog, and not come home till early in the morning, as full of his subject as the historic M.P. who spoke on a Liquor Bill. But in the new age things will be different. In those days the man who never asks his wife questions will live longest.

But, do what he will, the warning comes from Chicago that he is on his last legs, as it were. As a fact, he has never amounted to as much as he thinks. Still, with all his faults and failings, he will be missed. He may not have made the world good, but he has certainly made it lively, and I fear women will find things awfully dull when he has vanished for ever and ever. Also, let her remember that her triumph will be short-lived. A few years after he has gone she will follow him. Then night and chaos will fall upon a played-out world, and the ape and tiger will come into their own again.

Friction.

SOME NOTES ON AN EVERYDAY FACT.

For many centuries the great ambition of some of the world's cleverest men has been to solve the problem of perpetual motion. At times it has seemed as if this end has been almost achieved. Machinery has been devised which will work for long periods without attention. Clocks have been constructed which will keep time for considerably over a year without being re-wound. But always there has come at last a moment when the machinery has ceased to work, a point when the clock has "run down." The failure has on each occasion been due to one cause—friction. In every piece of machinery, from a simple pair of scales to the most elaborate of locomotive engines, the aim of the designer has been to eliminate, as far as possible, the element of friction. The dictionary defines friction as: "the action of rubbing" the surface of one body against that of another; the resistance which "a moving body meets with from the surface on which it moves." It is friction which makes machinery work stiffly and wear out quickly. If there were no friction, a machine would last for ever. Innumerable devices have been invented to diminish friction, and among the best known is the ball-bearing, which makes the modern bicycle so easy to ride when compared with the fatiguing old "bone-shaker" of a few generations ago. It is the same fact that induces manufacturers to build bicycles as light in weight as possible, for the heavier the machine the greater the friction, not only in the bearings, but also between the tyre and the surface of the road. The meteor which flashes across the sky on a dark night owes its white heat and bright light to the intensity of the friction caused by the extreme rapidity of its passage through the air. It is the augmentation in friction which makes it so much more difficult to walk against a strong head wind than it is to walk in a calm atmosphere. Wherever there is motion there is friction; it is an everyday fact from which we can never escape.

As the whole universe, physical, mental, and moral, is governed by one and the same code of laws, and as every law in the physical world has its exact counterpart in the intellectual world, it follows that we carry the fact of friction even into our thoughts. The process of reasoning and the act of memory becomes easy or difficult according as mental friction is diminished or increased. One form of mental friction is anxiety or worry. Another form is an untrained habit of using the brain, so that, in the search for some particular idea, many other quite irrelevant ideas crowd to the surface, demanding attention and subsequent rejection. This last form of mental friction is, unfortunately, only too familiar to most people, though, in the majority of instances, either the cause is not recognised at all, or, if recognised, is deemed to be incapable of treatment. It is this very same mental friction which makes men and women look older than their years. Yet, if only the right method be adopted—and it is really very simple—mental friction can be reduced to an even greater extent than friction in the bicycle was reduced by the introduction of ball-bearings. All thought, however slight, and whatever its nature, depends, either consciously or otherwise, upon memory, and, in the Pelman System of Memory Training there has been perfected a means by which thought, reasoning, and memory, are all so trained at the same time as almost entirely to eliminate mental friction. All who have thoroughly tested the Pelman System, whether skilled scientists, or working men of but little education, are agreed as to the astonishing ease brought about in all mental activities by the application of the principles set out in the System. Full particulars can be obtained by sending a post-card to the Secretary, The Pelman School of Memory, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.—[ADVT.]

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To William Le Queux, Esquire.

Sir,—You inform us in "Who's Who," as one of your achievements, that you once "forsook the Quartier Latin." Could you not be persuaded to reconsider that false step? I am sure there are very many people, outside the Quartier Latin, who would rejoice if you returned thither and remained there permanently. I have never read any of your novels, which I am told are dull and illiterate, but I have just come across your romance in "Printers' Pie," entitled "Some Royalties I Know." From this it appears that you do not merely know sovereigns in your capacity as a scribbler. You are their particular pet, almost their own familiar friend. They let you sit by the hour in what you call a "luxuriant little room" or a "splendid *salon*," and give you bits of ribbon, or cigarettes out of a gold box. When you saw the German Emperor, you tell us, you "stood respectfully by, open-mouthed in wonder." Why is it specially respectful to stand with your mouth open? If I had been the Emperor, I should have told you to "shut it." Can it really be true that the King of Italy keeps your fiction on his table? I suppose the poor man is trying to muster up courage to read it. Anyhow, you think he regards you as his "personal friend," because he once sent you a picture postcard. You seem to entertain a great admiration for all sovereigns who show you civility. But your chief hero is the murderer, Peter Karageorgevich. You confirm my view of his cowardice by stating that he is "utterly inaccessible, seeing no one except his ministers," but, of course, he made an exception in favour of so distinguished a person as yourself. You tell us also that he is "fully alive to the shortcomings of Servia and the Servian people." What a proof of the patriotism which you unblushingly ascribe to this recluse. I can assure you that Servia returns the compliment, and is fully alive to Peter's shortcomings. Your knowledge of Servia is sufficiently exposed by the fact that you cannot even spell Obrenovich. And the nature of your slavish snobbery is illustrated by your fulsome inventions about Peter's deep religious feelings: "The mainspring of his Majesty's thoughts and actions is his deep sense of duty to Almighty God. . . . It is only when one knows him intimately, as I do, that one discovers the real man—the man who knows well the sore trials and thousand difficulties of the office in which he is placed, and who trusts in God to assist him to protect and govern his people. It was shown when, on investing me with the ribbon and cross of the Order of Saint Sava, he pointed to the enamelled miniature of the Greek (!) saint upon it, and uttered low, earnest words which have rung in my ears ever since." Faugh! What a pretty pair you must have made, Arcadians both. Before we part, never, I trust, to meet again, I must congratulate you on your exquisite tact in asking the Prince of Bulgaria why he is so unpopular. I wish I had been there to hear his answer. And what of this as a piece of profound philosophy: "Yes, it is true that beneath both kingly uniforms, glittering with decorations, and *décolleté (sic)* bodices, be-ribboned and be-starred, beat aching and anxious hearts, and much truth is there still in the threadbare adage, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'" Will no one give you the kicking you deserve?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. John Lobb, Hackney.

Dear Brother,—I perceive that you were one of the revered speakers at the Spooks Conference in South Place Institute, Finsbury, the other day, and that you told how you had been instrumental in exposing no fewer than seven mediums who were frauds. That is kind of you, dear brother. It is fortunate for all the other mediums that you are not with them always.

You have a grand and glorious time among the spooks yourself nowadays, they tell me. Hold conversations with the mighty dead, I believe? Still on intimate terms with "dear Dan Leno" and Herbert Campbell, I hear. Talk to you across the astral plane. Tell you how they are enjoying themselves on the "other side." Ever have them to afternoon tea on Wednesdays, and take them to chapel on Sundays? If so, you might get Noah and Nebuchadnezzar, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, Julius Cæsar, Shakespeare, and Queen Anne to come up with them, and I'll join you. Best regards to all inquiring friends.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—By the way, have you ever before been told how like you are facially to the late "Ian Maclaren"?—J. B.

To Pearson's Patriotic Parrot.

My Dear Pollie,—Since your lamented decease owing to your food costing more, we have waited patiently for your second coming, and, although you appear as yet by deputy, we, nevertheless, welcome your reincarnation. But you do not seem altogether happy in your new catch phrase, judging by the frequency with which you alter it from day to day. At the time of writing the kaleidoscopic motto of the funniest ha'porth on earth is: "TARIFF REFORM MEANS LOWER INCOME TAX AND WORK FOR ALL." Considered humorously, on the small incomes we shall get in the Happy Time to come, of course we shall pay a smaller income-tax—unless the two disappear together. I note, with interest, your acceptance of the Socialistic doctrine, "Work for All." I expected this after your attacks on the Government for its Woolwich displacement of labour, and your plea that work "ought" to be found for the men. But what a catch-ha'penny thing this motto of yours is! *Pace* Lord Arthur Pomeroy! "What Rot!" Still, stick to your perch, my entertaining Poll; it is better to be laughed at for a ha'penny than contemptuously ignored at any price. Now a word about your preposterous Empire Day fake. So you "sent telegrams to prominent Ministerialists asking for an expression of opinion on Empire Day," did you? And now you groan "No reply." Yet the reply might have been sent easily enough—"Rot!" I have no objection to a legitimate celebration of my country's glory; but I prefer that my flag should be waved by clean hands. To exploit the poor little kiddies, with free rides, buns, and a banana, and to trade on their innocent enjoyment of any holiday that comes—such paltry devices are contemptible. By the way, what price Empire Day on the Rand? Did the cavalry carry daisies when the miners were dispersed? Is that little affair one of your "miners' wars" on a small scale? Have you sent them another cheering message, telling them how the Stock Exchange cheered at the news of their dispersal? Pollie, does not this kind of thing make you feel sick?

But what I get most fun out of is your extraordinary way of trying to bring Socialism nearer. Day by day your columns are reeking with abuse, and all the while you are playing the Socialist game, to the evident delight of the *Clarion*—making more Socialists in a week than the united Socialist press does in a year.

And you are disappointed with your protégés on the L.C.C., are you? "Electors did not send them there to act as dummies!" How true! "We are not there to conciliate," so—away with Robinson, and up with Lord Midleton, better, or worse, known as the Right Hon. Brodrick! Has it come to that? What awful crime has London committed to deserve a fate like this?

Go on hustling, my dear Pollie. You deserve some signal mark of honour, and may yet join your compatriot Northcliffe, when we get a Tariff Reform Parliament. You will be able to tear out the feathers in your respective caps—or shall I say C.A.P.'s? Keep on the same old game; "get on or get out," as Peter puts it.

JOHN BULL.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER? See announcement on Page 1 of this issue. It will interest you.

FURNISHING FALLACIES EXPOSED.

Great Changes for the Benefit of the Public

INTRODUCED BY LEADING FIRM.

By Mrs. Collingwood West.

"The idea that 'furnishing out of income' is a disgrace, and only the resort of the poverty-stricken, is quite erroneous. But it is not surprising that this idea has become prevalent. There are certain houses which seek only a cheap grade trade for customers. The terms and prices they advertise show conclusively that they deal in only the commonest goods.

"There are, indeed, very few business houses or private individuals that do not have to resort to credit. Many fine residences are bought and mortgaged for two-thirds their value. Many great enterprises are carried out on credit.

"So that buying furniture on this basis is just as legitimate as getting advances or overdrafts at the bank. Just as legitimate as renting a furnished house, or a furnished room, or living in an hotel or boarding-house. In these latter cases you indirectly pay for the furniture on instalments—but you don't get the furniture ultimately. Which is the better?"

Thus spoke Mr. Hollander (of Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, Ltd.) in an interview.

Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander have entirely revolutionised the system of deferred payments. No other large furniture house marks goods in plain figures or sells them on the wonderful terms arranged.

In a transaction with this firm you first select your furniture at the prices marked in plain figures upon each piece. It is then a matter for arrangement whether you pay cash or not. If you decide to pay by instalments it does not matter whether the period be six months or three years, there is only an addition of 5 per cent. to the marked price.

Not 5 per cent. per annum, or 5 per cent. per month. Just 5 per cent.—whatever period you decide upon.

CREDIT AS CHEAP AS CASH.

For instance, suppose you want £100 worth of furniture and you do not wish to pay cash down. In that case Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander charge you £105, and all you have to do is to engage to pay either within six months, one year, two years, or three years. For three years no more is charged than for six months.

But Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander are not, as certain houses are, exclusively identified with the hire-purchase system.

All Londoners are, of course, familiar with the notice, "FURNISHED AND DECORATED by WOLFE and HOLLANDER," displayed outside houses in the West-end, and throughout the suburbs, where interiors are being made beautiful by this expert firm. A moment's observation will show that certain hire-purchase firms are not able to display similar notices—for quite obvious reasons.

COMMON SENSE IN BUYING.

To most people the purchase of furniture is a rare event, and, oddly enough, the biggest venture of the kind—that which a man takes on first setting up housekeeping for himself when he has to obtain a complete outfit of furniture—comes before he can possibly have gathered any experience in this class of buying.

All unsophisticated, he is suddenly called upon to spend a comparatively large sum in a direction in which he has had no guidance. And of a certainty he would fare ill were it not for the fact that keen competition in the furnishing trade has brought about a strenuous struggle on the part of those engaged in it to outdo each other in their devotion to the interests of customers.

MAKING HOME BEAUTIFUL.

"It is surprising how beautiful a small flat or house may be made at little cost," continued Mr. Hollander, "if the work is set about in the proper systematic manner by experts. There is really no reason why the humblest home should not be pretty and artistically complete.

"We are prepared at any time to complete the interior of a house of any size, including the decorating and lighting, and we can send to any part of the kingdom by means of our provincial organisation.

"Our homes are where we live; they should be homes, and not merely shelters from the elements. Home that suggests soft, warm carpets, comfortable beds, couches, easy chairs, enchanting ingle-nooks, convenient dining-room furniture, curtains and pictures, books, and a place to keep them.

"We make a special feature of renovating carpets and other furniture, and at a time when there are many changes of residence it is well to know that we are prepared to send experts anywhere to give advice as to the best adaptation of old carpets to new houses. The success of our advice departments is their justification.

"Coming to blinds, the same remark applies. We fix free of charge all the blinds we sell, and our aim here, as it is throughout, is to provide the most artistic effect at the lowest expenditure."

WHAT £75 WILL BUY.

Furnishing has been the life-study of the heads of this firm, and the furnishing of flats is one of their specialities. They will equip a flat complete from £75.

For instance, a beautifully-appointed dining-room suite in fumed oak; a best bedroom suite, with bedstead, either in wood or brass, including bedding, with the usual appointments; a spare bedroom in similar style, a servant's room, a kitchen, and the usual offices.

Carpets and linoleums are, of course, included. The customer has the option of buying instead of complete suites, any odd pieces that may appeal to him. Furnishing "schemes" sound, we are afraid, to the average buyer expensive and extravagant.

"But that is an allusion," said Mr. Hollander, who proved his assertion up to the hilt by showing us the price-tickets as he descanted on furnishing schemes with the examples before him

SCIENCE OF FURNISHING.

"Comfortable, homely furniture, which does not ask to be looked at, as it were, nor assume airs of importance out of keeping with its surroundings, is the furniture that can be lived with.

"The old-world flavour of many designs, owing to their relationship with the art of past ages, lends to them an air of dignity not possessed by much of the very modern furniture."

FUMED OAK.

Oak furniture of all kinds is obviously one of the branches to which Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, who have studied furniture in America and on the Continent as well as in England, devote very particular attention. Original schemes for oak fitments for libraries, halls, billiard rooms, and dining rooms are submitted free of cost.

In the antique and carved oak show-rooms many enchanting ingle-nooks are shown, bringing home to one's mind the delightful fact that England is the country in the world for home life.

The stock of brass bedsteads is a revelation of what can be done in the way of artistic effect with metal.

Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander have just opened a series of new show rooms, including china and glass, cutlery, and kitchen utensils.

It would be difficult to find anywhere in London a larger and better assortment of glass and cutlery and kitchen utensils, and it has the advantage of being absolutely the most up-to-date stock now on view.

THE PUBLIC INVITED.

It is now possible during one visit to Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander's establishment at 252, 253, 254, 255, and 256, Tottenham Court Road, to order all that is needed completely to equip a house.

Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander invite the public to visit their show-rooms. In the first place, you are not asked to buy. You are at liberty to wander round and inspect everything for yourself, including the prices, with which every article is labelled in plain figures.

IN EVERY TOWN.

From the catalogue (which is a complete guide to house furnishing) we learn that the firm have spent many months in organising an elaborate system of representatives in every district, also in the large provincial centres. Within three hours of receiving a telephone call at the chief office, or a communication by post, an expert in furniture will call and act for them with full powers.

Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander have representatives at Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Newcastle, Bristol, Cardiff, Plymouth, Leicester, Brighton, Hastings, Bournemouth, Nottingham, Yarmouth, and many other large towns.

CATHOLICS EXPELLED

LE LORE MAIRE

PARIS

FLYING

KOEPENICK

THE MIKADO

CRICKET.

DUCK-TROTTITUS

LORD CHAMBERLAIN

DIPLOMACY

KING'S TOUR

EUROPA

PEACE

THE EVENTS OF THE BIRTHDAY YEAR.

THDAY YEAR.—*"JOHN BULL'S" REVERIE.*

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]*

BEHIND THE "TOADSTONE."

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS,

Author of "The Secret Woman," etc.

I.

Samuel Heathman argued long with his brother Saul, and at last believed that he had prevailed with him. They were fellow labourers at the farm of Orchard Barton, near Belstone village, at Dartmoor edge, and now the elder smarted under injustice and the younger strove to comfort him.

The problem was delicate and complicated. The master of Orchard Barton had been taken ill, and was now abroad for his health, therefore his place at the helm devolved upon his bailiff, one Henry Lintern. This man was just, but stern, puritanical and unbending. He worked hard and exacted from others their full toll of toil. He lacked sympathy and, himself free of weakness, was impatient and intolerant where those under his control displayed it. He had accused Saul Heathman of error and reported him to his master. The result had been a severe reprimand through the post, and a hint that any further complaint must mean dismissal. The storm arose from a slight misunderstanding, and nobody but Henry Lintern held Saul to blame. The delicacy of the situation arose from the fact that Samuel Heathman was engaged to be married to Lintern's sister, and that Sam, having ventured to expostulate on his brother's behalf, had been told to mind his own business in a manner very unfriendly.

Maggie Lintern sided with her lover, and relations grew strained for a season. Saul was a man of small intellect and some natural ferocity, allied to a warm, unruly heart. He was impatient, illogical and extreme. His younger brother belonged to a kinder and more temperate order. They were close frends, and Saul set Samuel first in his affection on a pinnacle that none shared. Indeed, he loved him passionately.

The trouble had soon blown over, but for ill-fortune. Just as Saul's heart was growing calmer and the acute sense of his wrong began to decrease, that happened which brought matters to a climax and threatened to involve the labourer's ruin.

It was Henry Lintern's custom to visit the town of Okehampton thrice a week after the day's work was done. His mother and sister dwelt there; and often he went to see them; while on Sundays he invariably worshipped with them and remained in Okehampton until the evening.

His return journey to Orchard Barton brought him through the glen of the river Oke, where it sings to the echoing gorges of Halstock. From the streamside a path wound steeply and crookedly up between furzes and granite boulders to the stone crown of West Cleave, and thence, by a footpath, the acres of the farm were reached. Rather more than half-way up this track, a mass of granite stood and seemed like to topple at a touch into the valley beneath. It was called the "Toadstone," from a far-fetched resemblance to that reptile. A rocking-stone it was, and in autumn-time the place was strewed with the shells of hazel-nuts, brought by boys and girls to crack between the delicately-poised rock masses of the logan.

It happened that Saul Heathman, dallying in Okehampton on a Saturday night, took too much to drink. He was conscious of it, and had wits to remember that he and the bailiff would be returning to Belstone at the same time and by the same way. Therefore he avoided Halstock very carefully, and staggered homeward on the main road. By ill-luck, Lintern also came hither. He had seen a friend to his door and now found it a speedier matter to return home along the thoroughfare. A bright moon shone and the time was early winter. The bailiff recognised Saul, and, glad of the opportunity to speak a friendly word, fell in conversation with him concerning the next week's work. He began in an amiable spirit, but quickly changed his tone, for he found that Heathman was very drunk, and, loathing that offence above all others, he left the labourer with a scornful and stinging reprimand and pushed forward, while Saul, in a drunken rage, rolled home alone.

He shared with his brother a little room over the stables, and before they slept that night the elder predicted the end of this incident in a manner that, despite his intoxication, Samuel felt was likely to be only too accurate.

"Tracked me, I'll swear!" said Saul. "He'm set on being the ruination of me, d—n his smug face! An' now he'll send me going. You know what he thinks of a drop of drink. 'Tis all up. He'll write to master to-morrow and I'll get the sack on pay-day. He've always hated me. But I'll speak the last word; an' if God Almighty won't help me to be righted, the Dowl. . . . No good talking. I'll let H—l loose on the man. . . . I'll do such things as heroes. . . . I'll——"

He slept and snored. But the morning brought trouble, for Henry Lintern spoke to Samuel of his brother's sins and declared that he was going to write to their master on the subject immediately.

"I can stand a lot from ignorance," said the bailiff. "I blame no man who be short in his intellects, or them that be so weak in memory 'tis needful to tell them thrice; but my views on drink be pretty well known, I believe. 'Tis the curse of England, and the beastliest vice in the world. I'll have no tipplers here. Once let a man go that way, and he's no more to be trusted in anything. Beer drowns honour, an' truth, an' self-respect, an' all the vartues. None shall look after hosses on this farm who be a drunkard—so all's said."

Samuel tried hard to turn the bailiff.

"'Tis the rarest thing in him—an accident and no more. He'd met a man from Bude as he hadn't seen for three year, an' they got yarning an' drinking. You can't say as ever you catched him before or found his work to suffer."

He pleaded long, but the bailiff was obdurate.

"A beastly vice," he repeated, "as puts him lower far than the creatures he tends. I'm sorry for him, an' I'm sorry for you, Sam, for 'tis bad fortune to have an unsteady brother—such a straight man as you; but it have got to be. You know me. I never bate of my intention once formed, so there 'tis. Ban't even as if I was farmer. I only stand for farmer, an' to let Saul off be to go back on my duty to my conscience—a thing I wouldn't do for any man."

"Don't be too sure that it is your duty, Henry," said the other. "Look in your own heart deep before you dismiss him. Often a man's inner wish do seem to echo duty in the ear; but the true sound tells a different tale. Look to it, for your own peace of mind, that this ban't a secret spite you are following, and not your duty at all. Duty can put on many faces, and other things can put on the face of duty and look terrible like it to the hasty eye. You an' me are both Christian men, thank God, an' both be sorry that my dear brother haven't found the light yet. 'Tis never too late for charity, Lintern. Look ahead for him and ax yourself what will be the end, if you turn him off the farm. So hot an' fierce as he be. 'Tis more than likely he'll take to bad courses an' make an evil end."

"Not him. I say 'tis more than likely to sack him will be to save him. He wants the fear of God drove into him by main force; an' hunger an' thirst be shrewd teachers."

Samuel flushed.

"You forget you're talking to his brother," he said. "Who be you—only a human worm, after all, with your own faults, like the rest of us—to talk about hunger and thirst for any fellow-creature? There's no hunger and thirst after righteousness in you, Henry, for all you're such a New Testament man, if you can talk about bringing hunger and thirst on another soul. Think twice afore you do a rash act. Judge not, Henry. 'Tis a very self-righteous, dangerous job, weighing the good and evil of other people. And a very common Christian vice, too."

But Saul Heathman received his dismissal, and the cloud descended upon him, and he imagined evil. Revenge burnt in his heart. He devised it by day, and dreamed that it was accomplished by night. He stood, a man of five-and-twenty, dismissed, without warning and without character, for an error. The offence was great, but he had seldom committed it, and no man could call him a drunkard. Work, however, must be hard to get again with this cloud upon his character. Ferocity reigned in him. He cared nothing for the future, or what it might bring. Revenge dominated his mind and bred a desperate savagery there. He resolved to destroy Henry Lintern and rid the world of that canting and tyrannous spirit. He lusted to batter the life out of him, and determined to do so.

II.

A high wind swept Dartmoor, and night crowded down upon its loneliness. Darkness had swiftly swallowed the brief winter day, and long before Saul Heathman set out upon his evil errand, a great gloom hid the world. Rain threatened, but as yet did not fall. Heathman knew his road and followed it very easily by the fitful light of the moon, where the planet seemed to swim and heave, like a ship on a wild sea of flying cloud-rack. The man carried a gun and crept slowly to the hill-track from the glen, where it passed the "Toadstone" rock. He had left Orchard Barton immediately after supper on some pretext of seeing a farmer about work; for his time was up, and on the following Monday his place would be filled by another.

For two long hours it would now be necessary to wait; but the screaming, wild wind spoke no wisdom to Saul; the light of the moon pointed to no peace for him. A natural cowardice was responsible for his present position and the assassin's attitude he finally adopted. The desire for personal battle with Lintern had left him. As he planned their actual meeting his narrow soul drifted to mere murder, and he looked ahead and became anxious to save his own skin after the deed was done. He still desired to destroy his enemy, but caution had succeeded his first wrath, and he intended, if possible, to escape the cost. He had planned an everyday murder, and believed that nothing would be easier than its fulfilment. Now he felt the destruction of Lintern was as good as accomplished, and while he waited for the man who would presently climb out of the gorge, he considered his own subsequent actions. The gun in his hand was not his property. He carried an old muzzle-loading fowling-piece that usually hung in a barn at Orchard Barton, and was used in spring for scaring birds from the newly-planted grain. He had access to the ammunition, and the weapon was now loaded with a heavy charge of shot. Lintern must pass within ten yards of the "Toadstone," and Saul intended to fire into his back. Then he proposed to drag the murdered man through the furzes and cover him with stones and turf under the edge of an oak wood. Months might pass—or years—before the vanished Lintern was likely to be discovered. No fear of failure shook the watcher. He waited patiently, and was careful not to trample the grass or leave signs of his vigil behind the "Toadstone." Once he walked a little way to warm his feet. Then he heard Henry Lintern climbing up the path, and cocked his gun and held it ready to lift to his shoulder.

It was now almost dark, for the moon had become veiled by heavy clouds. The wind raved, and a thousand natural sounds made night noisy. Rain began to fall heavily; and mechanically the watcher took his hand from the trigger and turned up his coat collar.

Lintern passed slowly, and Saul marked the tall shadow of the bailiff as he plodded upwards, stick in hand. Then, with the muzzle of the gun point blank upon his enemy's back, Heathman pulled the trigger. Night's voices shouted, and each straining bough of tree or branch of furze added its cry or groan to the mingled melody wakened by the wind; but from behind the "Toadstone" rock no roar of sound or flash of fire added to the riot of the storm. The gun missed fire; the cap on the nipple did not explode; unconscious of all, the figure of Lintern faded into the night. Some chance drop of moisture had saved his life.

Upon this event Heathman's soul suffered one of those rapid and tremendous revulsions of feeling that the life of the mind sooner or later brings to every man. For a moment he could not believe that his enemy had gone and the gun failed. Then he began to perceive the tremendous significance of this accident and to understand the far-reaching force of it. Lintern had indeed escaped death; but his salvation was as nothing to Saul Heathman's own. His hands were white, not red. The murder committed in his heart he forgot. He only grasped the great fact that Lintern lived.

He rose and hastened a little way after the retreating figure. It climbed a stile and disappeared where, like a star, the light of the farm kitchen shone through a red curtain. Then he fell suddenly into physical sickness and weakness as the result of this shock. His legs shook under him; his gorge rose. He longed to drink, as a religious man often wants to pray.

Saul put the gun in its place presently after drawing the charge. Then he went down into the village and

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entered the bar of the "Hearty Welcome" public-house. It was growing late, and only one man sat by the peat fire with a glass of hot spirits in his hand. To Heathman's amazement the drinker proved to be Henry Lintern. For the moment the past crowded down upon him again with links broken and tangled. He fancied that he must indeed have slain the man, and that this figure, sitting silent there and outlined red in the blaze of the flame, was a ghost. He turned with wild eyes to the woman behind the bar and called for gin and water. But, at his voice, the other man spoke kindly and proved no shadow.

"Hullo, Heathman—like me, catched in the rain. But 'twas more than the rain cast us together here, I'm thinking. I want to speak to you, an' no better moment than the present. Bring your glass here and us will have a tell before we go home-along. You're well met, Sauer.

The other still lived in a dream. He could not fathom the things that had happened. He knew not where time and chance were talking to him. Now he obeyed the bailiff and sat down opposite the man he had just attempted to destroy.

"It's like this, Heathman. I've been thinking a lot lately of your going from Orchard Barton an' our share difference. Last Sunday, by the will of God, I heard a sermon that made me think still more upon it. 'Twas about the beam and the mote. Man' I've been self-righteous. This minute I've just come from Stickle, path, and have had a long talk with old Bill Watts—the timber merchant. And us talked about you and work for you."

Saul started, because Sticklepath was in the opposite direction to the "Toadstone."

"I wanted Watts to take you on. But he's full up and can't do so nohow. So it looks like Providence against your going from us. And, as I come back-along through the rain, I seemed to hear the Lord's voice in the wind, Saul, and it said, 'Keep the man and pardon him, and ax him to pardon you for being too self-righteous against him. Even so it said."

The other still stared.

"From Sticklepath?" he asked, stupidly. Then his mouth fell open.

"And you must give me your oath that you'll be careful 'bout the drink. I must have that, Saul. And I'll be a gentler, more Christian man, an' give an' take in a higher spirit, please God. I'll write to farmer to-morrow to tell him us understand each other very well again, and that you'll bide at Orchard Barton, and that I'll go bail for you henceforrard."

The bailiff held out his hand, and Heathman grasped it. Together they went out into the night.

"First time as I've missed going down to see my mother of a Wednesday evening this year," said Lintern. "But your brother went instead. My mother will forgive me for she'll be gay and proud to hear I'm getting larger minded when I tell her about what I've done."

"Samuel went down?"

"He did; and I lay Maggie weren't sorry 'twas him instead of me."

Then Saul Heathman understood what might have fallen out beside the "Toadstone."

"I'll turn to God—I'll turn to God from this night!" he cried out with a loud voice; and the sound of his word was lifted up on the wind.

Anon he sat with his brother, and clasped his hand, and looked in his eyes, and heard his voice, as it had been a voice from the grave.

But Samuel supposed that his great frenzy of spirit and turmoil, and loud praise of the Everlasting Watcher, arose from Lintern's mercy; because the elder could not tell his brother the truth of that night.

Long after Samuel slept, Saul knelt beside him, and listened to the blessed music of his breathing.

DEAR MADAM (or SIR),

May I send you some specimen copies of JOHN BULL *for distribution amongst any of your friends who are not at present readers?*

Yours respectfully,

THE PUBLISHER.

4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London

THE LIVING-IN SYSTEM.

We have received the following further letter—one of very many—upon the living-in system :—

The point as to the sense of wrong inducing many young men to become dishonest, justifying dishonesty to themselves on the plea that the living-in system compels them to pay more than can be justly demanded of them, and so they are only getting their own back, deserves to be noted. It is strange that employers do not see that in their own interests they should remove the legitimate grievances of their employees in the matter of living-in—

If you will again allow me to trespass on the space of your valued paper, I should like to make further comment on the conditions under which we live. There was one matter to which I alluded which merited a considerably larger share of attention than was given to it, this being the Breakage Fund. The amount of this imposition is not enormous when the individual cost only is looked at, it being 1s. per month, but when you consider that the assistants are numbered, not by dozens, but by hundreds, then it is apparent that this is no trifling matter, but a means by which a considerable amount is yearly put into the pockets of our employers. As a matter of principle, I think that a balance-sheet should be published showing in what way the money is expended. There are many ideas current as to where the money goes, but what seems to me most likely is that the firm find in this fund a means of saving the cost of insuring windows, etc.

And then, sir, to revert to the old grievance about the food. The heads of the house in question admit that the menu card as published by you erred in moderation rather than in exaggeration, but what has been their attitude? They have read the letters, but, instead of taking any action to ameliorate the state of affairs, they simply ignore the whole matter. It seems that eventually it may be necessary to publish the name of this particular house. If the manager of any restaurant could not meet the requirements of his customers, what would his employer do? The answer is obvious. And why, sir, should we, who, equally with the customers at the restaurant have to pay for our food, why should we daily have to sit down to food badly served, badly cooked, and badly selected. Let us go to the root of the matter, and we shall then see that the living-in system is simply a method by which our employers are able to make a substantial profit. It is, in other words, a department which has to show a good balance-sheet, the only difference being that the customers are not in a position to question whether or not they are receiving value for money. In the eye of the law the honesty of our employers could not, of course, be impeached, but, sir, I say that in failing to fulfil their contract to feed their assistants they are morally as guilty of dishonesty as the man who commits a burglary, and that to the young assistant with a small salary their conduct is one of the strongest incentives to dishonesty.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

THE ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLISTERS.

A Certain Youth, whilst Walking along the Promenade at Brighton, espied a Beauteous Maiden a Little Way in Front. "What a Goddess!" exclaimed he. "What a Divine Face! what Perfect Lips! what Sublime Innocence!" He also Quoted Seven Poets and raved to the Extent of Half a Column about her Beauty. Then he Plucked up sufficient Courage to Raise his Hat to Her and Bid Her "Good Den."

Whereupon the Damsel Turned and Murmured :

"Say, Cully, You 'ook It while You're all in One Piece, an' Don't give Me None of Yer Lip, neither. My Ole Pot-an'-Pan's Just Gone in the Boozer to see the Birdlime, an' 'E's only round the Jimmy 'Orner. Go on, an' Edge Orf ; 'Cos if 'E Sees Yer, E'll put Yer to Sleep, Lively.

So the Youth bought Him a Time-table and Booked for Home.

F. W. THOMAS.

RACING NOTES.

BY W. LOTINGA.
["Larry Lynx" of "The People."]

Owing to great pressure upon our space this week a large number of "Sporting Notes" are unavoidably left over.

SEND YOUR SUIT TO JOHNSONS'

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Not your NEW suit, but the one you are thinking of discarding. Probably the material is in good condition, except for stains and other traces of wear and tear. The JOHNSON process of Dry Cleaning enables us to save you the cost of a new Summer suit, and yet to appear SPICK and SPAN. Suits cleaned and tailor-pressed 4/6. Trousers only 1/- per pair. Small repairs charged reasonably. Gent's Panama and Felt Hats 2/6 each. We are also specialists in the Dry Cleaning of Ladies' Dresses, Coats, Gloves' Blouses, etc. Send for Booklet "D," to

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

A New Play by a Woman.

"A Man's Foes," written by Miss Diana Cholmondeley, and produced by the Pioneers at the Imperial Theatre last Sunday, is a charming play in one act and two scenes. It is a story, exquisitely told, of a Cornish fisherman, his wife, who drinks, the death by drowning of their son, and the woman's unknowing contribution to the tragedy in having drunk the brandy from her husband's bottle, and substituting water in its place. The son, as before said, is drowned, but brandy would, it is urged, have saved his life. Miss Clare Greet as the drunken wife, was admirable; Miss Norah Lancaster as her niece was very charming, while Mr. Edward Gurney as the fisherman, and Mr. Athol Stewart as the niece's lover, both did excellent work.

A Book by a Woman.

"The Artistic Temperament," by Jane Wardle (Rivers, 6s.), is a story that occurs in everyday life. Stephen Cartmel, an artist, meets an old schoolfellow, John Blaicklock, who has become a stodgy, matter-of-fact hosier. Cartmel, artist-like, falls in love with Blaicklock's wife, a woman grown weary of her husband's stodginess.

After a deal of intrigue the artist and the wife decide to go off together, but are stopped by the sock-selling husband while awaiting the Newhaven boat.

The artist eventually marries his fiancée, while Mrs. Blaicklock, after a few years, dies of consumption.

There is nothing very impressive or imaginative about the book. It has been written so many times before; better written, too.

The Modern Pincushion.

As in almost every womanly thing of to-day, the pincushion has a tendency towards the grotesque. Big game are represented in humorous attitudes. A bear will have a bandage tied about a sore head; a monkey suffers from a swollen face; a very big smile is to be seen on the tiger of Niger; while a crocodile will hold a very fat little nigger boy bristling with pins.

The kennel world offers a variety of designs for the pincushion; the shoe-button eyes of the fuzzy-wuzzy old English sheep dogs are extraordinarily lifelike in their gaze. Pears, apples, tomatoes, oranges, excellently fashioned and brilliantly painted, are to be seen holding the homely, useful little pin on many of my lady's dressing-tables.

Women Painters.

The 91' Art Club has been holding its exhibition of its members' works at the Alpine Club Gallery, in Conduit Street. Well known names are to be seen on the membership list, so that it is somewhat disconcerting to find that no pictures of exceptional merit are exhibited this year at this show. "Poverty" is, perhaps, the first likely to catch the artist's eye. There is poetry in it, beautiful feeling, perfection of tone. "The Window Seat" is given by Mrs. Eastlake; a charm of light lies in this picture. There is something of the touch of the French impressionists in Emily Lang's "Evening, near Deal." The warmth of the day's end is in it. "A Busy Morning," by Lily Defries, is a pretty picture, but Miss Wheelhouse's figure is stiff in "Fancy Work."

Daisy Hansford's sculpture is full of promise; "Motherhood" is exceedingly fine.

There were many jewellery exhibits, but these do not call for comment, for silverwork is not a particularly attractive adornment just now.

New Coats.

Long coats, composed of dyed chamois leather, would be quite the most useful and attractive overall for Ascot. Such cloaks would need very little, if any, trimming, and would be found exceedingly warm and light. Jackets of the same leather are especially smart to wear upon voile skirts. A short coat of dove-grey chamois, worn over a frock of the same shade, would be distinctly charming.

Hats and the Woman.

Bonnets promise to make an early appearance this year, but I very much doubt if they ever will become so fashionable as once they were. The large hat is far more becoming to the face than the bonnet, and those trimmed with but one big rose, one upstanding ostrich feather, are the prettiest of all.

Cool Frocks.

Black and white material is cool to look upon, as also are the fashionable pale blues. Women in India—men too—are principally habited in white linen, but I know of few men in this country who would venture further than their cabbage-patch in a linen suit.

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ADULTERATION EXTRAORDINARY.

We have received the following letter from a well-informed correspondent upon the subject of our article on "Adulteration Extraordinary." We may say that we attached importance not so much to the profit which, upon the face of the figures, was made by the firm in question, as to the adulteration, which seems to us to be quite inexcusable. There was nothing harmful in the mixture, but things should be sold for what they are, and the fact that adulteration has been eliminated from goods to which the inspectors direct special attention is pretty good evidence that it could be got rid of generally if inspection were more generally efficient.

DEAR SIR,—Your article, "Adulteration Extraordinary," has been reprinted in the "Correspondence" columns of the leading journal of the grocery trade.

In view of the interest and, possibly, indignation which the writer of the article has thus aroused among grocers, please permit me to reply briefly from the probable point of view of a trader.

The "100 per cent." profit referred to in three instances is arrived at by calculating profit percentage upon *cost*, whereas in "the trade" it is an almost universal custom to base profit percentages upon *returns*.

Thus, if chocolate powder costing 2 5-6d. per lb. is retailed at 4d. per lb., the profit is not "getting on toward 100 per cent.," but actually only 29 per cent. In this case the additional cost of packing into wooden cases and the necessary legal labels is not mentioned.

It is not, nor legally can be, the custom to give those of the public who ask for pure coffee to be given a coffee and chicory admixture. Such an admixture, packed in tins, was the "leading line" of a multiple shop firm which recently went into liquidation after six years' trading, during only one of which a profit was made.

From this it does not appear that unduly inflated profits upon this commodity are obtainable.

At present the whole trend of the trade is toward impressing upon the public the advisability of purchasing pure coffee and pure cocoa, and admixtures are only sold strictly as such, and in many shops almost "under protest."

Your readers should also remember that some among both company shop firms and private traders give a bonus or discount upon all cash purchases. One of the first-named allows a rebate equivalent to 1s. 8d. on every £1 spent. Thus, on the commodity I have instanced, assuming it to cost only 2 5-6d. per lb., the actual profit left, with which to cover wages, working expenses, and dividend, would be 21⅛ per cent. of returns.

The lowest priced tea now retailed in London is sold at 1s. per lb. Both pure coffee and pure cocoa are procurable at that price. For admixtures retail prices remain the same, even when the constituents are costing more. During the present year chicory, cocoa, and cocoa shells have risen in price considerably. I refer to the current list of a London store grocer with many branches, and notice that coffee and chicory admixture is merely announced as:—

"East India coffee and finest chicory mixed together, 1s. per lb."

Where competition appears to be due to unfair adulteration, the various grocers' associations endeavour to suppress it immediately, and no community will give a greater welcome to enactments which are designed to make adulteration by either manufacturer or retailer more difficult than will the grocers themselves. At present lectures upon "A Knowledge of Commodities" have a prominent place in the technical education movement promoted to preserve the best ideals of "the trade."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"She's a pretty little lassy," I said.
"But she isn't very classy," Pa said;
"No doubt she's smart and funny,
But if you want my money,
Don't wed," Pa said.

"Dad, I love her very dearly," I said.
But she speaks a little queerly," Pa said;
"As a barmaid she is charming,
'As your wife she'd be alarming—
Don't wed," Pa said.

"It will kill me if we parted," I said.
"Oh, I once was broken-hearted," Pa said;
"For a year or two I tarried,
Then a nicer girl I married—
You'll wed," Pa said.

RICHARD STRAHAN ROWE.

Where Medicine Fails Electricity Cures.

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THE electrical treatment of disease has now been developed to that point where it can be truthfully said that the results are as near an approach to an absolute certainty as it is possible to go. A strong statement that, but there is plenty of undeniable evidence to substantiate it fully.

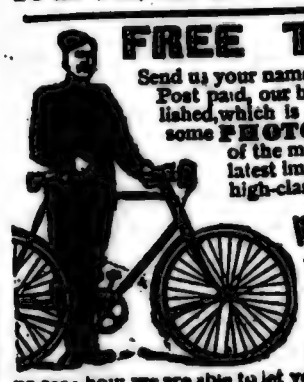
It cures aggravated cases of Paralysis that have defied every effort of the medical profession. It is gratifying to see a person whose joints have been swollen and distorted from Rheumatism put aside the crutches and get around as nimble as an athlete. There is nothing more distressing than the agony of the chronic dyspeptic. The victim of nervous debility as a result of abuse, overwork, or business worries, or any other cause, may suffer from complicated symptoms that are unknown to all but himself.

Electricity will cure such cases just as sure as water will extinguish a fire. When the plant is drooping you give it water to revive it. Why? Because it is nourishment. It contains the vital element which sustains the plant life. Electricity does the same for the human body as water does for that plant. It revives the dormant energies; it gives power to all the organic functions; it supplies the nerves with that vital element upon which the health of the individual depends.

The "Ajax" Body Battery is a dry cell electric generator specially arranged to supply such a current. It is as strong as many ordinary hand batteries, or those often used by physicians. Unlike those, however, it gives no shock. It is a series of dry cells conveniently arranged with a regulator or switch which controls the current perfectly. All the preparation required is to put it on the body and turn on the current to the desired strength.

The 'Science Siftings' Certificate of Merit has also been given the "Ajax" Battery.

Write at once for the interesting treatise, "Electricity, The Road to Health." It is free, in a plain, sealed envelope. This interesting volume on Curative Electricity will be invaluable to you. Direct your letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. To all who call at the office a free test is given.—ADVT.



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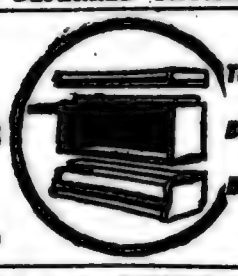

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ART IN THE PAPERS.

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

The Living Pictures which we reproduce this week may be fairly classed as immortal examples of the beaux arts. Some people may think they represent one thing and some may think they represent another; you pay your money and you take your choice. The actual price in the art market is two a penny, the larger one being from the *Daily Mail* and the smaller one from the *Daily Mirror*. Concerning the first, we beg most respectfully to ask the editors of our artistic contemporaries, "Why does the chimney sweep?" Concerning the second, "Why does the scare crow?"

Standing with your back to Scotland and your feet on the pavement, observe in the soft grey light a pointed instrument sticking out of the south-west folds of the *robe de nuit*. This is a sword. At the summit of the landscape note the seraphic smile set in the midst of ambiguous whiskers. Note also the glittering orbs; they seem to pierce the gloom through and through. The smaller picture is the same object in a different aspect. In the one it is going to the Guildhall banquet to the Colonial Premiers; in the other it is neither striking a salmon nor frightening the birds, but playing golf, the features being regular, but elusive, so that it is impossible to tell whether they are travelling *incognito* or meant to speak to.

Both the *Mail* and the *Mirror* are unanimously agreed that the object aimed at is the ex-Premier, Mr. A. J. Balfour, but refrain from producing witnesses willing to take their affidavit on the subject. For our part we trust the distinguished statesman can prove an *alibi*. Meanwhile, perhaps he will take this opportunity of solving the problem whether he favours Preference or Protection? We suggest he should consult the police, and get protection. He seems to need it badly.

JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS.

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The Editor of "JOHN BULL" presents his compliments and invites you to buy a copy of the June number.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

"The Pitiful Goers-Between."

Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" has been produced in London this week, it is said for the first time since the death of its author. The stage history of the play is almost as shrouded in mystery as was its origin; and I cannot say whether Mr. Charles Fry's claim as resurrectionist is well-founded or not. Probably his version is the most authoritative and un-Bowdlerised that has been staged since Shakespeare died; but plays there have been undoubtedly derived from the Shakespearean tragi-comedy as that itself was derived from Chaucer, who had in turn borrowed from Boccaccio, who also had his predecessors in the succession of literary theft. But these matters are of small account, except as impressing upon us how strange are the vagaries of criticism and popular taste, how hot is the hatred in all ages for plain truth, how small the demand for high philosophy at the theatre. Here is a play which contains some of Shakespeare's best poetry, much of his keenest thinking, a lot of his shrewdest wit. But it was the fine fruit of his cynical maturity, at least so one fancies it must have been; full of a holy contempt for humbug in all its most decorative forms, frank to the point of vehemence, and therefore not strictly respectable.

Pandarus and the Press.

So whilst many generations have gushed over several of the plays of the Swan that have not one tithe of its essential virtue, which are showy rather than profound, exercises in brilliant word-use rather than signal achievements of the great Master's whimsically original mind, they have found little to attract them in this "weighing of false glory with false love, the weaknesses of men against the weaknesses of women"—that is "Troilus and Cressida." We quote its easier lines, but we have learnt them from the Dictionary, not from the book; and hardly one Englishman in ten thousand could tell you without painful searching which of the characters in the play delivers himself of the oft-repeated line: "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin"! Not only do we not produce the play; we have ceased to read it. This is bad. By such lamentable sins of omission false idols are encouraged to grow up unscathed by the people's ridicule, belittled by the people's rulers. The proprietors of the Yellow Press should be compelled by law to sit through six performances of "Troilus and Cressida" in every twelvemonth. I make this proviso a condition of my support for the Endowed Theatre that is to be. "Let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name" says Pandarus; and we have neglected his invaluable advice. So, whilst Shakespeare added a new word to our language, one that expresses as no other the depths of shameless and shameful infamy, we have narrowed miserably its application. The pitiful goers-between are not all of one type or section of trade; there be those who debauch the national taste and manners as well as those who pander to the nation's lesser vices.

Edna May's Feet.

I have been reading over my matutinal egg the latest example of the wretched degradation of personal journalism, and it nauseates me. It is an interview with the bootmaker of Miss Edna May. That lady, it appears, has been guilty of the pleasant extravagance of spending many hundreds of pounds on 150 new pairs of boots and shoes for herself—"her wedding purchase." Hereupon we are treated to the measurements of the foot of the bride; to many lines of eulogy upon her corns (I think it is her corns, but it may have been her toe-nails), and last of all to a "pretty story." And what do you think this pretty story is? An idiot, whose name is not given, but should surely have been sent down to a diverted posterity by Miss May's truthful bootmaker (whose name *is* given), and her equally veracious tame scribe, is desirous of acquiring a pair of Miss May's cast-off footwear as a keep-sake! "She must have really worn them," he says, "or I should not care for them." I hasten to add that the gentleman has nothing to do with Madame Tussaud's, or, if he has, that circumstance has been carefully suppressed. I hope Mr. Lewisohn admires as he should a journalism that panders to an assumed public taste for the tootsies of his charming wife; and—if I were he—I would find her another bootmaker who has better manners than the Yellow Press. Neurotic American girls may have uses for this sort of newspaper offal; I trust that the English people as a whole have none. We are a nation of snobs, perhaps, although I like my countrymen better than to believe it of them, certainly we can spare this kind of silly piffle apropos of nothing more important than the marriage of a nice American woman, who has been mistaken for an actress, to a good-looking Yankee Jew, who is well known as the son of his father. "Let all pitiful goers-between be called to the

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"I was ill a long time, lost appetite, felt dull and run down—had wind, pains in my stomach and headaches. Constipation, too, caused me great distress. I used Mother Seigel's Syrup and Pills and am now quite cured." Gertrude Grimes, 29, Gertrude Rd., Sprowston Rd., Norwich, Feb. 25, 1907.

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world's end after my name—call them all Pandars" says the most illustrious member of the order. And I say: "Quite so," and "Why not?" "Troilus and Cressida" must be performed at the next annual meeting of the Institute of Journalists: it should be published as a pamphlet by the Journalists' Union. Meanwhile, Heinemann and Cassell both issue fine little editions of the play at sixpence each, and no Yellow Pressman who wishes to respect himself should be without a copy.

British Music for British People.

Mr. James Glover, otherwise known as "Giacomo Gantieri," deserves well of his countrymen—who are English, or Irish, or Welsh, or Scotch—I am not sure which. A moderately successful man himself, of great ability and personally popular, he has taken up the cudgels for the capable British musicians against the smelly, incapable foreigners who from time to time are imported to undersell their labour. I raise my hat, and likewise bow, to the great Giacomo; he has assumed a burden grievous to be borne, but that has badly wanted bearing these many years. The British musician is in sad need of leadership in the battle for a living wage, for fair treatment by his countrymen, for reasonable recognition in high places. Mr. Glover has a broad back, and he will need it; he has energy, and a full demand will be made upon it; he has a sweet temper, but I fear it will run serious danger of souring before he can win this fight, before we see the greasy alien bandsman for the miserably untrained, cheap and nasty article that he is, and the British bandsman as the finest bandsman in the world—which *he* is. However, Mr. Glover has rushed upon the foe in properly vigorous style, and I wish him luck. This is no issue between "Protection" and "Free Trade" in "Art"; if it were I should be frightened by a mere label from affixing myself to the British side. It is a question between the undesirable European blackleg and the efficient native-born person who asks for decent pay. The importers of the foreign orchestral hand are not artistes; they are tradesmen, and often the dirtiest kind of tradesmen.

The Agent and the Alien.

Usually they are Polish Hebrews, naturalised or unnaturalised, who call themselves musical agents, but are really mere crimps. Half their Continental clients are low-priced because they do not know their business, or their art, if you prefer the term; a few are genuine artistes who ask for, and receive, large sums of money because they are peculiarly skilled, as conductors, or players; a large number are flashy mountebanks who are imposed upon the Anglo-American nouveaux-riches, piled upon ignorance by impudence, to the detriment of better men who live in London and pay the local rates and the King's taxes. The present attack is on classes one and three, and I hope to see His Majesty King Edward giving the propaganda of Giacomo a helpful lift as opportunity offers. Some time ago Mr. Stead wildly attacked the King on the ground that he did nothing for English Art. I defended the King in another journal, especially for his encouragement of the British drama. Mr. Stead, in a personal letter to myself, which I hope I do no harm by mentioning, expressed his warm appreciation of His Majesty's efforts in many directions, and added, significantly, that it was in no ill-humour that he called upon the ruling family to support artistic home industries, but because "they like to be reminded that the people expect them to aid national movements for the national good."

Signs of Change.

Since then we have had an Englishman appointed to the artistic control of Covent Garden, a large increase in the number of English artistes singing in the grand season, and the Queen has entertained, and been entertained, by a provincial choir passing through London to astonish the Parisians by the perfection of its singing. And now the Duke of Devonshire is bringing over to England an "Imperial Austrian Band" to play at his territorial holiday resort; loud-spoken anti-alien aldermen of the City are engaging so-called "foreign" bands—consisting, I am told, of Brummagem men and sound cockneys disguised as Portuguese and Neapolitans, because they can get higher wages or more regular work in England by swearing that they are not English. As Mr. Glover well says, Richter, Mottl, Nikisch, Lamoureux, and Colonne, when they come to London, do not need to import foreigners to play under them; they find British bands equal to the best they have to conduct abroad. It is only stupid peers of the realm, aldermen Snooks of London, and Swank of Stoke-cum-Tootle, who find British bandsmen insufficient for their musical purposes. Sometimes Swank has the effrontery to use the British ratepayers' money in subsidising the alien musical agent in his nefarious commerce.

P.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That the low price of Consols is a consolation.

That La Milo being chosen to represent "Lady Godiva," Mr. Stead is anxious to play "Peeping Tom."

That American "souvenir collecting" is not what we call "stealing."

That in Finland they call it the never-Finnish Parliament now.

That the English editors who visited Germany have been well "stuffed."

That when "Terriers" was suggested as a name for the new army, Mr. Haldane said "Rats!"

That Mr. Winston Churchill has apologised to the *Daily Mail*.

That the letters R.A. stand for "Real Art."

That the Hammersmith Guardians will find their new workhouse a "light" affair.

Mr. Harry Lawson recently declared that "the Press was always on the side of the angels." But we know several papers that are "going to the devil."

Giving evidence at the inquiry into the Hammersmith workhouse, a witness said that the expensive "two-circuit" system of lighting was in use at Hendon, Claybury, Leavesden, and Birkenhead Asylums. Just where we should expect to find it.

SUITABLE HOLIDAY RESORTS:—

Milkmen should go to *Cowes*, or *Cannes*.
Bootmakers should go to *Ealing*, or *The Solent*.
Mashers should go to *Broadstairs*.
Cattle-dealers should go to *Grasse*.
Spinsters should go to the *Isle of Man*.
Teetotalers should go to *Rhyl*, *Poole*, or *Freshwater Bay*.
Tramps should go to *Bath*.
Infants should go to *Brest*.
Niggers should go to the *Isle of Wight*.
Jerry-builders should go to *Newfoundland*.
Waiters should go to *Tipton*, or *Tipperary*.
Laundrymen should go to *The Wash*.
Yell-oh Pressmen should go to the *Scilly Isles*.
Soldiers should go to *Battle*.
The unemployed should go to *Herne Bay*.
Messenger boys should go to *Hastings*.
Bailiffs should go to *The Ritz*.
Greengrocers should go to *Brussels*.
Billiard players should go to *Kew*.
Gasmen should go to *Berne*.

There was an athletic meeting of waiters recently. Anything which tends to increased activity on their part should be encouraged.

Professor Halliburton says that a cruel doctor is as rare as a swearing parson. Rough on the medical profession.

The man who affects to despise manly beauty is the hardest to please when his own photograph is taken.

"There are eight women colonels of the German army," says a contemporary. They belong to infantry regiments, of course.

Deploring the decay of the "noble art," Sir Ralph Littler is reported to have said, "When I was a student, I could down anyone I could put my hands on." And he was Littler then.

The Bishop of Dorking says that a handshake is a wonderful drink cure. Men who can't take a drink without spilling half of it must be convalescents.

Prince Edward of Wales has been nicknamed "Sardines." Has he plenty of tin?

"Is bridge a game of skill or luck?" asks the *Daily Mail*. We whist not.

"To-day's Story, Tariff Reform and Work for All," says the *Express*. "Story" is a polite journalistic substitute for a more emphatic word.

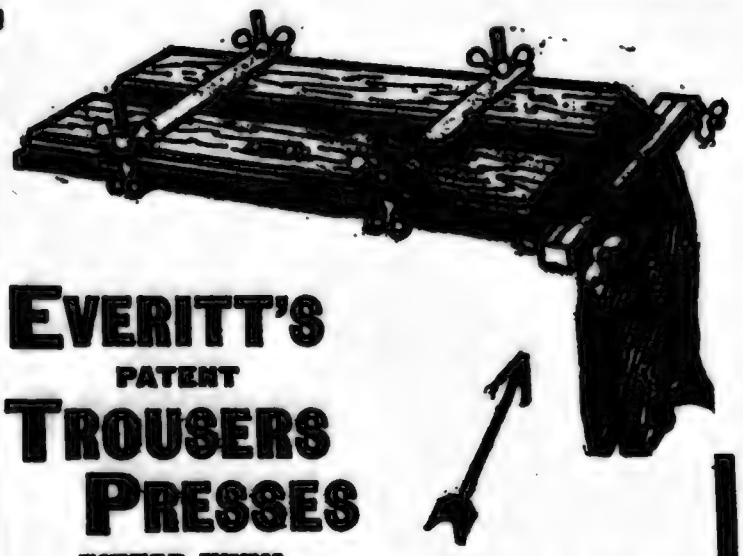
A Sunderland couple recently spent their honeymoon in prison. They found marriage a great cell.

"We want the quietest wedding possible," said Miss Edna May. So she told the *Daily Mail* all about it.

A young Frenchman who fell 2,000 feet down a rocky slope, is now pronounced out of danger by the doctors. He had simply taken a drop too much.

"The Midnight Guest," just published, is no doubt a sequel to "The Little Stranger."

"Peter Pan," with Miss Zena Dare as Peter, has been occupying the boards at Leeds, Hull, and Sheffield. Yorkshire folks have always, thanks to the camera, believed Miss Dare to be charming, pretty, and sweet; they are sure of it now they have Zena.



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Definitions :—

Ocean.—A body of water surrounded by Englishmen.

Oculist.—One who likes his glass.

Odds.—The scientific expression of an outside mathematical chance of the favourite winning in a donkey race.

Odium.—In public life the reward of people who go about doing good.

Odour.—The basic element of a motor-bus.

Off.—An expression marking the condition of a matrimonial engagement which has become a terminological inexactitude.

Offence.—The prompt presentation of an account when due.

Offertory.—A collection of miscellaneous buttons. Term of opprobrium for a threepenny bit.

Official.—A piece of information designed to conceal the truth. A gloss of facts amid a play of words.

Office.—A salaried condition of the utterly unfit.

Ogle.—Unprintable conversation without words between a man and a woman when separated by tables in a restaurant.

Old.—Thirty-six. Too old, forty.

Oldish.—Fourteen.

Oil-Painting.—An assemblage of oleaginous pigments enclosed within a gold frame on a Royal Academy canvas

Olive.—A seductive instrument for increasing the thirst for bad wine at a Soho café.

Optimist.—A man who is personally having a good time.

An eccentric contributor says he doesn't like Socialist tea—even with a lecturer given away—as there's too much Puritanic acid, and it badly wants de-canting.

A contemporary wants to know the difference between loss of memory and absence of mind? The answer is easy; leaving your umbrella behind is loss of memory, taking somebody else's is absence of mind.

Antonio Infinate, a negro, has just died at the age of 150 at Santiago. We forget what the Cuban word for "liar" is, but we presume his parents are inconsolable at their loss.

A man named Bourne professes to have discovered the elixir of life. It is simply clay mixed with hot water. We prefer the other Bourne from which no traveller returns.

A man was recently charged with "speaking loosely" when he was "tight." Another intricacy of the law.

Condensed Criticisms :—

"Strongheart."—A study in sin-copy. Beats everything. Plenty of throbs and blood. Vein redskin well played. Turns up trumps and wins his suit by the last trick.

"The Duel."—Perfectly killing. Abounds in sharp cuts and thrusts. The scene in which the villain is foiled especially striking. Draws tierce from every eye.

"When Knighthood was in Flower."—A blooming error. Plot somewhat seedy. Characters stalk too much. Should have been cut.

"Miss Hook of Holland."—Quite the cheese. Just the stuff to "catch on." Contains some excellent lines and reels. The net result should be satisfactory *à la fini*.

"The Last of His Race."—Well mounted, and ought to run, though not fast. The bridle scene might be curbed a bit. A better name would have been "Left at the Post."

"Lady Tatters."—Rather ragged. The heroine too much torn by emotion, and the hero is a rip. Dialogue scrappy.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."—Terribly hair-raising. The principal character seems *infra dig.* Ought to have gone to the Savoy.

"The Judgment of Pharaoh."—Not equal to that of Daniel or Solomon. The hero plays a losing game all through, but his luck turns in the end, and he takes the pot.

"The Truth."—Quite a stage novelty. Well done from top to bottom. The characters lie naturally in their several grooves.

A young girl recently declined to learn sewing on the ground that it was only a makeshift occupation.

Suffragettes who ride bicycles should have rat-trap pedals.

"Does it pay to tell the truth?" asks the *Daily Mail*. Why not make the experiment?

Sir James Crichton-Browne says that the majority of ladies wink with the left eye. We thought they used the "other."

The *Express* states that plumes "*one and half yards in length*" are to be the fashion. From the lyre-bird, evidently.

A Croydon auctioneer was recently pelted with eggs which were not "going" but "gone." Quite an ovation.

"No woman is as good as she looks," says *Truth*. Some of them must be very bad.

Professor Gates, of Washington, has obtained a brownish substance from the breath of an angry man. We should have expected a blue.

"The House of Lords is a comic fossil" says the *Star*. The Government will make no bones about it.

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Triumph Agents (in almost every town) deliver carriage paid. Where not represented Cycles sent direct from Works, packed free, and carriage paid.

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., LTD., Priory Street, COVENTRY. (Dept. X),

LONDON—45, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.
MANCHESTER—160, DEANSGATE.
LEEDS—4, KING EDWARD STREET.
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ZOX

DRIVES AWAY PAIN

NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, TIC, ARE CURED BY ZOX—THE SAFE CURE.

Have you nervous pain.—Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache? Its cure is ZOX, and the time taken—minutes. You prove this on our free offer. Send stamped addressed envelope, and we will send you two powders FREE. You get to know the value of this harmless remedy at our expense.—*Mention "John Bull."*

Of all Chemists, at 1/- & 2/6 per box, or post free from
The ZOX Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

DOES THE SALVATION ARMY SHELTER CRIMINALS?

Last September I received a letter from a man calling himself "Hammond," in which he asked me to give him an interview.

Hammond, alias Mason, is known to the "Yard" and the criminal classes also as the "Prince of Swindlers." Some time in 1902 he was released on ticket-of-leave and taken in hand by the Salvation Army, who made him foreman over one of their departments in King's Cross. He was pointed out to me at one of their prayer meetings as a "brand saved from the burning," and I have heard him give stirring addresses on several occasions. But while with the "Army" and still posing as a "saved" man, he was all the time engaged in his nefarious practices. In fact, he was arrested while at work in the "Army" shelter on a charge of defrauding women, and was tried and convicted in January, 1903. He received 12 months this time, and was "sent back on his ticket."

The house, which I found, was a small shop kept by a Mrs. B——, whose husband had been dead only six months. He left her £400 in cash, besides a well-stocked shop. Hammond was her lodger, and he introduced the widow to me as his affianced wife. He spoke of himself and his people in grandiloquent style. His name, he said, was John FitzJames St. George Hammond, and his father was a physician with a lucrative practice and was also the owner of a large private asylum. He himself, he asserted, was an assistant to his father at £6 a week. He also said that he was writing a book, for which he had been offered £600.

I took the first opportunity to enlighten the fair widow, but she was too infatuated with him to heed my warning. Some little time after this there was a lovers' quarrel, and Mrs. B—— ordered Hammond out of her house. He refused to go, and the lady had at last to apply for an ejectment order. Thereupon the gay Lothario assaulted the widow, for which he was summoned and bound over. But these were only lovers' quarrels, and the gentleman was soon taken back into favour.

At this juncture Mrs. B—— sold the shop, the purchaser taking over the stock and fittings at a valuation of £62 10s. Unfortunately, the purchaser—who was also a widow—paid cash down before she came into possession of the shop, when she discovered that all the stock and fittings had been previously removed, and Mrs. B—— had disappeared also. The woman who bought this shop is 65 years of age. She has been all her life in domestic service, and the money was the accumulation of her savings. And now she is practically beggared. It is well known among his associates that Hammond has had his share out of this swindling transaction. Now for the sequel.

On the 28th of this last month of May I had occasion to call at the Salvation Army headquarters in the Whitechapel Road. I saw Hammond, alias Mason, there, and I was told that the "Army" were again helping him, and that "Commissioner" Sturgess had again taken him by the hand.

Does the worthy "Commissioner" know Hammond's antecedents? Does he remember his former connection with the "Army" and the circumstances under which that connection was severed? Has he made any inquiry into his subsequent mode of life? Has he interviewed the poor widow whom Hammond and Mrs. B—— conspired to swindle out of her life's earnings? Does "Commissioner" Sturgess intend also to help the victim as well as the scoundrel who helped to rob her of her all? Or is the swindler to be sheltered, fed, and pampered while his victim is left to starve?

Since his release from prison Hammond has had hundreds of pounds, money in every case obtained by systematic fraud. A consummate rogue like this is rarely reduced to his last tether, except when he is run down by the police. Why then does he apply for re-admission into the "Army" shelter? Things were getting a trifle too hot, and the Salvation Army offers a snug sanctuary for a suspected criminal. "Commissioner" Sturgess can allay police suspicion with the stereotyped assertion: "That the 'Army' have got hold of the man, who is now 'saved,' and they will look after him." And thus the fellow is left to continue in his career of swindling and debauchery.

Scores of starving men are daily turned away from the "Army's" labour bureaus whose only offence is that they have not been in prison, and whose only fault is that they are too honest to play the hypocrite.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER? See announcement on Page 1 of this issue. It will interest you.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

G. R. (York).—See answer to G. Perhaps ivy was meant.

A. D. E. (Cardiff), being "a mother anxious over the welfare of all young people" (like ourselves), sends us a circular of the Brahmo Watch trick. We will be very careful.

"DOUBTFUL" (Vauxhall) sends us the M. A. Winter Co. circular and particulars of a lottery at Maryborough (Queen's County) "under the patronage of His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Foley, Lord Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin." Much obliged.

W. E. A. "and others" (Waverley Park) do not like Vera Canute's verses—in fact, they think them "vera bad," and, to show their poetic superiority, they have concocted the following complimentary stanzas:—

"Fair Vera, to thy garden hie,
And, 'neath some blushing rose,
Dig deep a hole, and therein lie
To rest content, with upturned toes."

F. G. J. (Leeds).—The test of national drunkenness is not the sum spent per head on drink—*that* depends entirely upon the nature of the liquid consumed and the state of trade and other special circumstances—but upon the charges and convictions in the police courts. The respective figures per 1,000 of population for 1904, from this point of view, are as follows:—England, 6.5; Wales, 10; Scotland, 9; Ireland, 18.5. The figures for Sundays only are:—England, .48; Wales, .84; Scotland, .85; and Ireland, 1.15. Wales, Scotland, and Ireland "enjoy the blessing" of Sunday Closing, and each of them marks retrogression, even on these figures. Sorry you thought our reply to your previous letter flippant, but we are taken that way sometimes!

"ARIEL" (Stratford) thinks he can make a flying machine which will secure both Lord Northcliffe's prize and our own. "Ariel" may like to know that there are at least 50,000 other potential inventors with the same opinion. Still, we wish him luck.

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC MEDICAL COMPANY, of Byron House, 85, Fleet Street, E.C., write us that they are the only manufacturers of electrical appliances whose goods are sold with the privilege of return in 10 days, that any dissatisfied customer receives his money immediately upon request, and that "not one single person can be pointed to who has ever had the slightest trouble in receiving his or her money." We are always pleased to give both sides of a question. We do not, however, admit the statement that this is the only firm giving the right of return.

A. D. (Cricklewood) has been swindled by one of the advertisements offering home work for poor ladies. We cannot too strongly advise our readers to avoid such baits. Unfortunately, A. D. does not give the name of the concern in question.

J. P. D. (Harborne).—No doubt the Sporting Editor of the *Birmingham Daily Mail* was a little excited when he tipped Hammurabi for a place for the Jubilee.

T. H. F. (London).—It was very good of you to send us on your unaccepted letter to the *Times*—but we are not a Church paper.

"MAY" (St. Austell).—When we spoke of Mr. Asquith's reduction of the Income Tax being more or less nullified by various conditions, we were not referring specially to the 133rd section, but more particularly to the introduction of the Scotch method of collection. If you are one of the ninepenny lot, let us know how you get on.

"CHAFFINCH" (London).—We are afraid the matter is too old to be of public interest just now.

W. C. F. (Belfast).—We advise you to communicate with the editor of the *Drapers' Record*. "Honesty" (Derwent).—Ditto.

M. McL. (Stanley).—If the people issue a summons, we advise you to pay the money and have nothing further to do with such things in future. It will not pay you to go all the way to attend the proceedings.

"NUMERICUS" (Wandsworth) suggests we should award a biscuit to the *Standard*, for stating that the consumption of cigarettes in Italy is 1½ billion yearly, and that this represents 30 cigarettes a year for each soul of the population—which, says "Numericus," would make the latter amount to fifty thousand millions. We have no doubt our correspondent's calculation is correct, although it is a bit out of our reach. We did not, however, know that souls smoked—at any rate, in this life.

"ANTI-HUMBUG" (Blackheath).—Are you a Scotchman?

P. M. (Leyton) is 19 years old and (oddly enough) a bachelor. He has a friend in France who is 18 years old and equally a bachelor. Fancy waiting so long to get married! He writes to protest against his exclusion from the British Museum reading-room on the ground of his youth. Well, everybody is excluded now, so his grievance is gone. Meanwhile, let him try the Guildhall Library, and mention JOHN BULL to the secretary.

H. W. P. (Wimbledon).—You had better put the matter in the hands of a respectable solicitor.

"BOOTHITE" (Dundee).—It is quite true that our Editor has a policy—taken out some years ago—in the Salvation Army Assurance Company. That is one of the reasons why he takes so keen an interest in its administration. We have already explained this in a previous issue.

Drink and Enjoy

LIPTON'S TEA

The Finest the World can Produce.

Tea Merchants

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

GOLD MEDAL, ST. LOUIS.

By Special Appointment.

BUY FROM THE GROWERS.
NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.
NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of some of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering several thousands of acres.

LIPTON, Ltd.,

CHIEF OFFICES:

City Rd., London, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTON'S TEAS

THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

J. W. (Lisbon) is indignant because we suggested a green tie for a silly correspondent. He thinks this very insulting to Ireland. But the Irish are the exception which proves the rule about green signifying ignorance. We apologise for an injustice to the Emerald Isle. God bless her!

R. E. L. (London, W.C.).—We agree that mock auctions are a delusion and a snare.

G. A. R. (Ilford) sends a cutting from the *Daily Mirror*. On one side we are informed that "The *Daily Mirror* prints only actual photographs, leaving imaginary works for the exclusive use of its contemporaries." On the other side is an apology for a photograph, which the *Daily Mirror* falsely represented to be a likeness of Mrs. Pedlar Palmer. So perhaps Lord Northcliffe's D.M. will now cease crowing

H. S. (Stockport) jeers at one of Lord Northcliffe's D.M. correspondents for suggesting that all books should be of uniform size. He asks, "What about hats?" and points out the inconvenience of buying a hat when you have forgotten the number. All right, we will agitate for a uniform size of heads.

IT is a pleasure to write for such alert and intelligent readers as the clients of JOHN BULL. Not even the slightest error escapes the vigilance of their eagle eyes. "Bullette" (Hounslow) points out that the small illegitimate baby did not belong to Dickens, but to Marryat. T. C. B. (New Oxted) and "A Lover of Dickens" (Glasgow) remind Jim Crow that it was Mrs. Prig, not Mrs. Gamp, who expressed incredulity about Mrs. Harris. It is amusing how quickly people can be drawn by a misquotation of Dickens. We must try again.

J. G. (Southend) has a system for Monte Carlo, and wants some investors. Don't speak all at once. If he will send us particulars we will point out the fallacy. Or if we can't point out a fallacy, Jim Crow will invest. Can we say more—or less?

J. D. (Clapham) went to a music-hall to see Little Tich, who did not appear. No doubt this was disappointing. Better luck next time.

"ANXIOUS FOR SITUATION" (Southend) answered an advertisement of a clerkship in Bilbao, and was asked for 1s. "for postal expenses." So modest a request does not sound like a fraud, but perhaps some other reader can enlighten us about the advertiser—J. Faber, 49, Addison Road North, Kensington, W.

H. E. H. F. (Regent's Park).—It certainly sounds very wrong to sentence a man to five years' penal servitude when a charge has failed, merely because the notorious Sir R. Littler thought there was no doubt the man had committed other crimes. We will inquire further.

"CONSTANT READER" (Camberwell) sends a cutting from an old copy of *Answers*, stating that "in 1882 Mr. Hazel walked 660 miles in 6 days at New York." It is rather late in the day to discuss this, but the feat is not impossible. The record of 100 miles is just under 20 hours. Besides, wonderful things happen in New York.

G.—Why?

E. W. E (Bridgwater).—Already dealt with. Keep your dollar.

A. M. (Glasgow).—Yes. According to the directory they are "musical instrument makers." Concertinists should now be in Spain.

"POSSESSOR OF EVERY COPY OF 'JOHN BULL'" (Treorchy).—There may be some reasonable cause for delay. But clamour for your money all the same.

"CONSTANT READER" (Salisbury) points out that the *Daily Mail* gave the name of a boy, who was killed by a tramcar, as Richard Graham, while the *Express* called him Briggs. But those papers are rivals.

E. O. (Brondesbury).—Very funny. What was their reply?

E. L. (Barnstaple).—It is rather a ticklish thing to start a boycot, but we will do anything we can to discourage rapacious trusts. The system of newspaper coupons entitling their holders to discounts from certain firms was tried years ago, but was not a success. We dare not give Jim Crow a collecting-card while this thirsty weather lasts.

THE MANAGING EDITOR of the *British Bandsman* sends us a marked copy of his journal drawing our attention to the following paragraph:—"It must not be supposed that the 'penny dreadful' and the 'shilling shocker' exist only in books. They are to be found by the thousand in music as well as in literature." We quite agree.

"WILLIE" (Herne Hill) asks the meaning of the Brahmo Watch trick. As he is evidently a very new reader, we can only reply by whistling "Willie, we have missed you" during all these months.

E. N. (Bristol) has just discovered Tanquerey, the "free" portrait swindler. We refer him to all our back numbers.

J. W. (Australian Avenue) has received tickets for the Phibsboro' lottery. Father Geoghegan seems to be very busy.

"UBIQUE" (Cricklewood).—Your pun about Maskelyne has given us a colic.

A. E. (West Kensington).—It is still the close time for sea-serpents, but the *Daily Chronicle* is always privileged to see snakes.

At Your Service

60 Depts.
700 Employees.

GAMAGES

THE MARKET PLACE OF THE WORLD

Wherever two or three tradesmen gather together Gamage is sure to be attacked in some way or the other. His prices are "ruining trade" or his advertising is "too big"—Gamage isn't right except with those hundreds of thousands who buy at his place in Holborn. They know. "There are just two unpardonable sins in this world—success and failure. Those who succeed can't forgive a fellow for being a failure—and those who fail can't forgive him for being a success. If you do succeed, though, you'll be too busy to bother very much about what the failures think." There's a vulgarism which is most expressive, and that is "The stuck pig squeals." Business is one fierce uninterrupted period of warfare nowadays, and verily it is a case of the survival of the fittest. The great public through advertising has become so alive as to what it really wants, and what is a fair price to pay, that when an advertiser consistently offers and gives what it wants, the public responds, and keeps on responding, and it is just this public confidence which has built up this gigantic business. All this is written in the most kindly spirit; it may be pointed: but it sums up the business situation as Gamages see it.

EVERYTHING FOR THE CRICKETER.

COMPLETE OUTFITS A SPECIALITY.

BATS.

THE "A.W.G.," a beautiful bat, skilfully modelled, latest improved spring handle, 10/6; ditto, double spliced, 15/6.
THE "CLUB," a good bat, with spring handle, 5/11.
THE "SPECIAL," with spring handle, 6/6.
THE FAMOUS "GAMAGE" BAT, the bat with a reputation, great spring power, selected light pillow, every bat warranted, 12/6; youth's size ditto, 10/6.
OUR SPECIALITY—THE "AUSTRALIAN," choice blade, patent leather and guttapercha rubber grip, treble spring handle, the bat for the expert, 21/- post free.

BALLS.

The "Club" Ball, three seams, leather, 3/6 guaranteed.
The Celebrated "Australian," silk and gut sewn, warranted, 5/-.

STUMPS.

Polished Ash, superior brass tops, steel shoes, 4/11.
Finest "Match" Stumps, revolving tops, ebony balls, steel shoes, 7/11.
The "County" Stumps, selected, as used in all first-class matches, 9/3.

LEG GUARDS.

White drill, men's size, 2/6.
White Buck, with continuation straps, men's size, 5/11; superior ditto, 7/11.

BAGS.

Club Bags, the "All England," doubled handles rivetted, 28 by 12 by 5, from 4/3.
Ditto, 36 by 13 by 7, 6/11; 36 by 13 by 8, extra strong, 8/6.
Finest Leather Bags, for club use, 20/-, 22/6, and 25/6.
Private Bags, from 4/3; leather ditto, 14/9 to 27/-.

NETS.

Hemp, 42 by 6, 15/6; 42 by 8, 20/-. L.C.C. Regulation Nets always in stock.

TENNIS RACKETS.

FULL SIZE.

The "Fish Tail," Cedar Handle	5/6
Gamage's "Champion," clear gut, well strung, mahogany handle	6/6
Gamage's "Referee," best clear gut, perfect stringing, walnut handle	8/6
Gamage's "Special Club," double strung in centre, red and white gut, and improved long head, octagon handle	10/6
The "A.W.G." a splendid racket, with case and ash frame, giving great strength, suitable for tournaments or presentation	14/6

TENNIS BAT CASES.

Check Twill Waterproof Case, bound edges, and with leather handles	1/6
Brown Canvas ditto	1/11

BALLS.

The "Gamage," a ball we are proud of. Best quality Waterproof Cloth, Undersewn. Guaranteed Regulation Size and Weight, and equal to any ball on the market. Each ball stamped with signature and year. 10/6 per dozen. 122/- gross. Post free.

NETS.

1.	Brown Tanned Waterproof, line top and bottom	27ft. by 2½	3/9
2.	Patent Steam Tarred ditto	27ft. by 2½	4/3
3.	ditto ditto	27ft. by 3	4/9
4.	ditto with tarred top band	27ft. by 3	5/9
5.	Superior ditto ditto	27ft. by 3	6/9
6.	Ditto, fitted with linen band and galvanised steel head-line	27ft. by 3	10/6
7.	Ditto ditto ditto	27ft. by 3	11/6
8.	Ditto, very superior ditto, extra heavy	27ft. by 3	14/6

Patent Steam Tarred Net, guaranteed faultless, fitted with best quality White Web Band, Extra Stout Copper Line, with hempen end and pin, packed in wood box complete. Price 17/6, Carriage Paid.

RACKET PRESSES.

Improved Racket Press, grips at eight points, hard wood, with nuts and screws, 1/3.
Polished Mahogany or Walnut ditto, with nuts and screws, 2/-.
Triangle Press to hold 3 Rackets, 2/6.
Poles, Lawn Markers, Registers, &c. Everything for the Game at Gamage Prices.

WRITE FOR NEW SPORTS LIST TO DEPT. 117, A. W. GAMAGE LTD., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

S. P. (Woodstock Road) has dropped into poetry to tell us we are sometimes too severe:—

"Dear Johnny, you're in class the first,
Among the leading few,
And so I'm going to tell you
What I'd like to see you do.
Speak kindly of your classmate,
The ever sweet T.P.,
Although I like you very much
He's just as dear to me.
On poor old *Punch* have pity,
You bad boy, shut the door,
And leave the poor old man in peace
To have his evening snore."

He craves for an answer in rhyme. Here it is:—

"May *Punch*, T.P.,
Both R.I.P."

(Loud laughter.)

J. B. (Luton).—We have already exposed Tanqueray many times.

C. M. S. (Llandudno) sends a circular from "Professor Harriss Edison, Practical Astrologer, Binghampton, N.Y.," offering "the horoscope" for 4s. The circular begins:—"My dear friend, I feel that I cannot wait another day without writing you." What affection!

H. S. (Handsworth) wants a biscuit for the Editor of *Country Side* for charging 3d. for the first number of a new volume of his penny paper containing the index to the previous volume. Why buy it?

"ENQUIRER" (Forest Gate) must certainly not send 2s. to the notorious "home employment" people, F. Paynter and Co. (78, Mysore Road, Clapham Junction). We have frequently warned our readers against these rascals.

F. C. T. (Brighton) wants a biscuit for the editor of the *Daily News* for inventing the word "tear-stricken." We are feather-stricken by the idea.

R. H. (Great Yarmouth).—Yes, the arithmetic is worthy of a tariff reformer.

C. B. (London, E.C.).—Lord Northcliffe did not mean to say he was out of date. Are you the real aboriginal C. B.?

W. B. M. (London, E.C.).—Yes, but Lord Rosebery is not the greatest number. The only number he thinks of is number one. He is an extinct volcano.

C. B. and S. E. (Hull) were amused by Alfonso's thanks for sympathy about his heir. Well, we have not seen the heir yet, but if he has a face like his father, he must be a handsome chap.

N. B. N. (London, W.) says Hamilton's, Ltd., sent threatening postcards to his servant for arrears on a watch, whereupon she fled suddenly. Too bad!

H. V. B. (Territet, Switzerland) writes:—"Prithee inform me if Vera Canute related is to Jim Crow. Vera's verse is venturesome and velvety, and right various in valiant value." Has H. V. B. forgotten Crow's article on children, beginning "There are no children by Jim Crow"?

P. B. (Newport, Mon.) answered an advertisement offering 30s. weekly for "spare time employment" to "either sex who can write." He was made to send 1s. 6d., and received two inferior rubber stamps, which he was to sell for twice their apparent value. The advertisement appeared in the *Daily Express*, the address being "Manager, Glendower, Torquay." This is probably the notorious Truscott of that town. It seems a pity that a reputable paper should insert such advertisements.

H. F. (Sheffield) sends a pretty illustration of the "change of heir" in Spain. He is too modest about his artistic abilities.

A. E. L. (Hackney) paid 1s. 6d. nearly a year ago to Wm. Macdonald and Co. (72, Leadenhall Street, London; 7, Fleet Street, Dublin; 256, Broad Street, Birmingham; and London Road, Edinburgh) for an advertisement in the "English Directory and Gazeteer," but has not yet seen the work. Why not write to one of the addresses and inquire?

F. M. (Liscard).—Thanks for hint. We are alluding to Le Queux's silly drivel. Thanks also for cuttings. We agree that *Justice* is a funny name for the paper.

T. S. (New Cleethorp).—Very unsatisfactory. Why not sue for the return of your money? Has any other reader any experience of Clayton and Co., Tailors, Minories, E.C.?

"TYKE" (Ilkley).—We have taken your kind advice.

W. W. (Bradford) says we must be tired of hearing of the Brahmo Watch Company so he kindly sends us one of their circulars. He has also been pestered by directory canvassers, and is puzzled to know how they always contrived to show him his signature on a previous year's form. He has now squelched them by refusing to pay. We wonder he never thought of that before.

T. H. F. (Beckenham) sends a "Dear Friend" rigmarole from the London Premium and Tea Company (56, Ludgate Hill). Adding injury to insult, they did not stamp their unwelcome contribution, so T. H. F. paid 2d.

"JOHN BULL" (London).—Why "mud-flinging?" It was a very merciful sentence and the dogs are now undergoing it. Always glad to hear from a sportsman like you. But do be brief.

F. C. S. (East Dulwich).—We believe "live man" is a Yankeeism for a dishonest person.

W. S. (Liverpool).—He! He! He!

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

You Want a Holiday.

Before Arranging, Write for and Read

HOLIDAY TOURS

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

80 Pages, Profusely Illustrated,
FREE ON APPLICATION.

Moderate and Inclusive Fares
For Travel, Hotels and Excellent Excursions.

THOS. COOK & SON,
LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON; and BRANCHES.

Don't be extravagant in tea. Get the best and the most economical at the same time.

Pearks' Tea

In Red Packets,
1s. 4d. and 1s. 6d. per lb.

£4,436 RECENTLY PAID TO CLIENTS.
SEE APRIL—MAY LIST.

Three Clients between them received no less than **£545**. We will forfeit **£1,000** if we cannot prove this. In our pamphlet entitled 'STRIKING TESTIMONY' we furnish cheque nos. and amounts in sums of £1 to £80, aggregating **£4436**, which have been recently paid to

392 Profit-takers.

ANYONE CAN COMMENCE WITH £3.

Just drop us a post card or letter and we will send you proof of the above, backed up with a **£1,000** penalty, allow you to see any cheque you like, and show you how, without liability, the above sums have been made. Address your communication

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE
22, GREAT WINCHESTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Telegrams, Nationarex. Telephone 7969, Wall.

SCOTCH! "MACLACHLAN'S OF AUCHENTOSHAN"

Their World Renowned Brands are: (where the WHISKY comes from).

"IONA" Three Star (3/6 per Bottle).

"FIVE CASTLE LIQUEUR" (4/6 per Bottle)

"GLENTOSHAN" (3/- per Bottle).

London Office: 41, EASTCHEAP, E.C. Distillery: AUCHENTOSHAN, N.B.

THE

PARTINGTON ADVERTISING CO.,

THE LARGEST ADVERTISING COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

RAILWAY, NEWSPAPER & STREET STATION ADVERTISING,

LONDON, LIVERPOOL, PARIS & NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Sole Agents for Spaces on Metropolitan District and Inner Circle Railways; London, Chatham & Dover Railway Maidstone, Ashford and Gravesend Railways: Nunhead, Shortlands and Catford Railway; Great Northern; Brompton and Piccadilly Railway.

Sole Agents for Advertisements in the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Time Tables, London, Brighton and South Coast Railway Continental Time Table, and Hotel and Lodging House Guide.

PARIS OFFICE:—30, Boulevard des Italiens (Office for Advertisements for Railway & Boats), Royal Mail Route London & Paris

Branches:—WALTHAMSTOW, 23, Pembroke Road, and ROCHESTER, 256, High Street.

Central Offices:—VICTORIA EMBANKMENT (next Temple Station), LONDON, W.C.

Telegraphic Address: PARTANUS, LONDON. Telephone Number: 3185 GERRARD.

A Most Delightful Preparation.

Ellaline Cream

NO MORE SHINY NOSES IN SUMMER.
NO MORE RED NOSES IN WINTER.

DIRECTIONS:—Smear very lightly, and dust with Armeline Powder afterwards.

MRS. LEWIS WALLER says—"Ellaline Cream is absolutely the finest antidote for sunburns."

Price - 4s. per Pot. By Post 4s. 3d.

SOLE AGENCY MAISON DUPONT, 3a, Sidney Place, Leicester Square, London, W.

"CHERCHAY LA FEMME."

By C. JARVIS.

"Women is very nice creatures to pass the time o' day to," remarked Private Coles, as a jaded-looking soldier sheepishly left the canteen in response to the shrill request of a hatchet-faced woman in the doorway; "but it's best not to 'ave too much to do with them. According to some people they're the root of all evil, and, though I wouldn't go so fur as to say that, you can take my word for it that fair 'arf of the crime in the Army is due to the fair seck. 'Cherchay la femme' is what the Frenchies say, and perhaps old Tisher can tell us what it means, 'im having been sculleryman under a French cook afore 'e 'listed?"

"What 'o!" replied Tisher, flattered at this tribute to his linguistic powers, which, by the way, were confined to the words "Wee" and "Nong;" "it means 'Chase the gals,' and very good advice, too, in my opinion."

"I'm afraid," said Private Coles, shaking his head sadly, "that you know no more about French than you do about etiquette. 'Ere 'ave I been setting 'ere for ten minutes and not a drop of beer 'ave I tasted."

"Cherchay la femme," he continued, with a sigh—his wants having been attended to after some discussion as to whose turn it was to stand drinks, "means you will find a woman at the bottom of every trouble, and it's true enough to my way o' thinking. If it 'adn't been for a petticoat it wouldn't be Private Coles you see a' setting in the canteen with a lot o' low private soldiers. No, that you wouldn't. I'd 'ave been Quartermaster and Honorary Lieutenant Coles by this time, and drinking whiskey and soda in the orf'cers' mess.

"There was a time when Private Coles, now a beer-swilling old swaddy with as many entries on 'is defaulter sheet as Tisher Arnold 'as pimples on his nose, was a smart young corpril without a crime against his name, and expecting promotion to sergeant first vacancy. And it was at this time that I ran up against the girl what dragged me down to what I am now. Did I marry 'er? No, I didn't, or I'd 'ave been worse off than what I am. She afterwards married a pork-butcher and 'ad three lots o' twins in four years.

"I met 'er in Weymouth one night, and directly I clapped eyes on her I ses to meself, 'Coles,' ses I, 'you've met your fate,' and, strewth, I never spoke a truer word in my life.

"Well, I walked 'er out every night for three weeks on end, but I never seemed sure of the 'ussy. The deeper I fell in love the more stand-offish she become, till I went very near mad. I began to fancy I wasn't the only bloke in the running, 'cos one night, just as I was coming up to our meeting-place, I fancied I seed 'er talking to another redcoat, but it vanished that quick I couldn't be sure. 'Owever, that decided me, and I made up my mind that I wouldn't wait no longer.

"'Daisy,' I ses to her, 'ain't it about time we was getting spliced?. I'm next for promotion, and there'll be a vacancy in a few days.'

"'Ho,' ses she, getting interested, 'and are you sure you're next for promotion?'

"'Not 'arf,' ses I; 'I'm senior corpril, and who else would go up?'

"'Don't know,' ses she. 'What about Corpril Barker?'

"'Corpril Barker?' ses I. 'What do you know about 'im?'

"'Nothing,' ses she. 'Didn't I hear you speak about 'im last night?'

"'No,' ses I, 'I wouldn't soil me lips with 'is name, the dirty swab.'

"'Swab yerself,' ses she, ''e ain't a swab.'

"'Ho,' ses I, 'and 'ow do you know?'

"'I don't know,' ses she. ''I've only 'eard you mention 'im, as I've said afore.'

"'Well,' ses I, 'it must 'ave been when I was talking in my sleep, for I don't remember it. Perhaps you read about 'im in the *Police News*. But how about this 'ere getting spliced?'

"'When I marry,' ses she, 'I'll marry a man.'

"'Quite so,' ses I, 'and I'm a'asking you.'

"'A man,' ses she, 'not a goody-goody milksop.'

"'Milksop?' ses I.

"'Yes,' ses she, 'a bloke what's been in the Army four years and never 'ad a crime against 'is name.'

"'Meaning me?' ses I, 'and so much the better, or I wouldn't be a full corpril and next for sergeant.'

"'If you was to be promoted to colonel to-morrow I wouldn't marry you,' ses she.

"'Well, you needn't worry,' ses I. 'Our old chap is fairly 'ealthy, and, judging by 'is language this morning, 'e ain't expecting to answer for 'is sins just yet.'

"'What I like,' ses she, 'is a man with a bit o' daredevil in 'im. One what ain't been a pattern all 'is life."

"'Well,' ses I, 'what do you want me to do?'

"'Do?' ses she, 'why, something daring—something that will make me believe that you're a man.'

"'Get drunk?' ses I.'

"'Yes,' ses she, 'and more than that. 'Ave a scrap with someone.'

"'Very nice,' ses I, 'and next morning be remanded for a regimental court martial, and reduced to the ranks.'

"'But you'd 'ave your reward," ses she. 'I'd marry the man what'd do that for me.'

"'What?' ses I. 'You'd marry me if I was a private?'

"'You go and do it, and see,' ses she.

"'Right,' ses I, and with that I walked off.

"I 'ad seven stiff whiskies, and then walks into barricks looking for a bloke to bash. The first chap I set eyes on was Corpril Barker, a bloke I never could stand, for 'e'd always been doing 'is level best to get me into trouble so as 'e should be promoted afore me. I thought as I'd got to disgrace myself for the girl's sake I might as well kill two birds with one stone, so to speak, and do something for my own sake, so I sloshes 'im on the kisser. 'E gives me a smash on the ear that made my 'ead sing, and next moment the air was full of blood, skin and toe-nails.

"After we'd been at it for a couple o' minits, up comes Sergeant Kirby with as much whiskey as 'e could carry, and, with the 'elp of a file o' men, shoves us both into clink, and charges us with 'drunk and fighting.'

"We was both brought up afore the C.O. the next morning. I did all I could to make out as 'ow it was all my fault, but there was no getting away from Sergeant Kirby's evidence. 'E swore we was both blind drunk, and that there was nothing to pick between the two, so we was both remanded for a regimental court martial, and, in the course o' time, reduced to the ranks.

"Directly I was free, I 'urried round to call for Daisy, and found 'er just ready to go out.

"'Well,' ses I 'I've done it.'

"'I can see that,' ses she, 'by your face.'

"'Yes,' ses I, 'and I'm a private now, so what about getting married?'

"'Did you have a good scrap?' ses she.

"'Yes,' ses I, 'but the worst of it is, the bloke what I struck 'as dropped in for it too, and got reduced.'

"'Who was it?' ses she.

"'Oh, that chap Barker,' ses I. ''E wasn't much account.'

"'Oh, what did you do it for?' ses she, and started crying.

"'Why,' ses I, trying to wipe 'er eyes, 'you told me to.'

"'I know,' ses she, 'but I didn't say you was to strike Corpril Barker.'

"'P'raps not,' ses I, 'but I don't see that that makes any difference.'

"'It makes all the difference,' ses she, 'you clumsy lout. I was going to marry 'im directly 'e was promoted, and we planned this 'ere plot so that you would get reduced and 'e'd get made sergeant.'

"'Ho,' ses I, 'and where did I come in?'

"'Oh, you didn't come in at all,' ses she. 'You were the mug.'

"'Quite so,' ses I, 'but I know two people what are bigger mugs than me, and that's you—and *Private* Barker!'"

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A GREAT BUSINESS.

When Mr. A. M. Stewart some years ago founded the Hackney Furnishing Company, it was looked upon by many as a hazardous experiment, but the system he then inaugurated, and which has since been described by the Press as the "Model System," was destined to fill a want, and has found many imitators. The receiving of credit had been looked on as the prerogative of a class. To inaugurate a system which made this universal was undoubtedly a bold move, but Mr. Stewart has been well justified in his estimate of human nature and the ready trust he gave to the honest instincts of the people.

The needs of a growing business have from time to time necessitated large extensions; only this year the firm opened enormous new showrooms at Hackney, giving them a floor area of over 6½ acres for the display of goods.

Seeking new worlds to conquer, Mr. Stewart determined to open a West End branch, and to supply the classes on the same liberal terms which the masses had, under his beneficent rule, enjoyed. The new premises, Nos. 93, 95, 97, and 99, Oxford Street, opposite the bottom of Newman Street, are sumptuously fitted, the new system of window lighting being designed to surround the articles displayed, as it were, in a bath of light, and there can be no mistake in buying the goods at night. Mr. Stewart undertakes to furnish a home from £20 (surely the very minimum of serviceability), and has engaged Mr. Michael Pearl, whose great reputation in the North is known to all who have any inside knowledge of the Furnishing Trade, as General Manager.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER? See announcement on Page 1 of this issue. It will interest you.